

THE  
Maids last Prayer:

OR,  
A N Y, rather than Fail

A  
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the  
Theatre Royal,  
By Their  
MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

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Written by Tho. Southerne.

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*Valeat res ludicra, si me  
Palma negata, macrum; donata reducit opimum.*

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Hor. Epist. 1. lib. 2.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, in Russel-street in Covent-Garden, and  
J. Tonson, at the Judges-Head in Chancery-Lane. 1693.

Maid's last Prayer

AND, rather than Fall

COMEDY

Theatre Royal

MAJESTIES SERVANTS

Printed by the Author

1717



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TO THE  
HONOURABLE  
Mr. Charles Boyl.

SIR,

**T**HERE'S no Condition can subsist wholly upon it self: And I am bound to depend, as every Man, more or less, is, upon the Favour of the World, to carry him through the troublesome Journey of this Life: Nor do I think it my Misfortune to wait upon a Great Man's rising sometimes, to put him in mind of me. While I can keep my self out of the necessity of flattering Fools, I shall not very much repine at my Condition. I'm sure I'm safe here, because you are safe every where: And when a common Consent encourages an Opinion, I shall hardly be thought in the wrong, to do as other People do.

Sir, when Poetry becomes a Man's Business, 'twill hardly prove another Man's Diversion: Tho' a Play once a Year, looks very like turning into the Profession, I am a little better acquainted with the Town, than to impose my self this way upon 'em; and let it be the defence of my Writing, that I have nothing else to do.

I know Play-Writers, like Men of other Employments, where the Honest Advantages are so small, are suspected in their Dealings, of indirect, underhand Practices, to carry on their Trade. For my part, Sir, I propose nothing more than an opportunity of declaring my self in my turn, that I have grown up by degrees, with the general Understanding, and Judgment of the Town, into a Respect and Honour that every body has for you: This, Sir, is the only way I have of Publishing mine: and Writing has always been allow'd of, when there was no other way left of discovering the Passion.

# The Dedication.

*Some Convenience, and a great deal of Pleasure, first carry'd me into this wanton way of Wickedness, (those old Seducers, Profit, and Pleasure) that have brought at last a great many of both Sexes, into the common Entertainment of the Town.*

*I have had my ends of this Play, and shou'd have been glad if it had answer'd every Bodies: I think it has its Beauties, tho' they did not appear upon the Stage, and 'tis not the smallest Commendation, to be able to divert you in private.*

*If I run into the Course of a Dedication, I shall be lost in the Character of Mr. Boyl; for when I have said all I can, I shall fall short of every Man's Opinion; and no body, but your self, will think I can say enough of you: At home, or abroad; in the Camp, or in the Court, Mr. Boyl's Behaviour, and Address, is the Pattern of every Gallant Man's imitation; so much, that, from what I have seen, and heard of you, I must believe that there is no Province of Humanity, but, at one time or other of your Life, you are design'd to Command. Let it satisfy, Sir, your present Ambition, to Conquer in the fairest Field of Victory, to Triumph in the Court, and in spite of the Cabals, and whispers of the Drawing-Room, to be universally allow'd the fine Gentleman: Which as it seems the easiest, has always been thought the hardest Character of a Great Man to maintain.*

*Sir, since the distance of your Quality, and Fortune, has made it impossible to come near you, as a Friend, I hope you will allow me to wait upon you as,*

Sir,

Your Real

Humble Servant,

**Tho. Southerne.**

# PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

**T**hey who must write (for writings a Disease)  
Shou'd make it their whole study how to please:  
And that's a thing our Author fain wou'd do;  
But wiser Men, than he, must tell him how:  
For you're so changeable, that every Moon,  
Some upstart whimfie knocks the old ones down.  
Sometimes Whiff Heroes please by dint of Arms:  
And sometimes tender Nonsense has its Charms:  
Now Love, and Honour strut in buskin'd Verse:  
Then, at one leap, you stumble into Farce.  
Like true Fanatics, never long content  
With any seild Form of Government:  
Eager in choice, as eager in forsaking;  
You first blaspheme the Gods of your own making.  
Let Poets henceforth lay their Rules aside;  
And take some ruling Planet for their Guide:  
No more frequent their sam'd Parnassus's tops;  
Unless it be to place their Telescopes:  
For such as hope to merit your esteem,  
Must quit their Horace, and erect a Scheme.  
Thus they may find a way to please the Pit,  
Provided they insure their Plays from Wit.  
Our Author, this way doubtless of Success,  
(For some Men have no Stars, as Lilly says)  
Himself, and Play, upon the Boxes throws,  
From perfect Beauty's, to imperfect Beaus.  
To you, fair Sirs (for I must call you so,  
Since Art, in spite of Nature, makes a Beau)  
Who in side Box, in seeming Judgment sit,  
Like Barron-Tell-Clocks to attend the Pit;  
In all humility he does submit.  
Not that he needs to doubt you for his Play:  
We know your Courage lies another way.  
Nor will he Court you, like some servile Elves,  
Who flatter you as much, as you your selves:  
Let them proclaim the Conquest of your looks;  
That bug-bear word shall never burn his Books.  
You, Ladys, he adores, and owns your Charms;  
More powerful, than the greatest Monarchs Arms.  
Hopes the kind Heav'n will all your Wishes grant,  
Whether they be for Husband, or Gallant:  
Nay, Bath, and Wells, at once, if both you want.  
Not doubting your good Nature for a Man,  
Who, to oblige you, does the best he can.

# PERSONS Represented.

## Men.

Granger.  
Gayman.  
Garnish.  
Lord Malepert.  
Sir Ruff Rancounter.  
Sir Symphony.  
Capt. Drydrubb Married to *Siam*.  
*Jano* Page to Lady Susan.

## BY

Mr. Powell.  
Mr. Boman.  
Mr. Alexander.  
Mr. Doggett.  
Mr. Bright.  
Mr. Bowen.  
Mr. Underhill.  
Betty Allinson.

## Women.

Lady Malepert.  
Lady Trickitt.  
Lady Susan Malepert.  
Maria.  
Wishwell.  
*Siam*, an Indian Woman.  
Florence, Woman to L. Trickitt.  
Judy, Woman to L. Susan.  
Christian, Maid to Wishwell.  
Betty, Maid to *Siam*.  
Footmen, Porter to Sir Symphony's  
Manck meeting.

## BY

Mrs. Barry.  
Mrs. Bracegirdle.  
Mrs. Montford.  
Mrs. Rogers.  
Mrs. Betterton.  
Mrs. Leigh.  
Mrs. Kent.  
Mrs. Rachel Lee.  
Mr. Perin.

Mr. Pinkyman.

# Scene in London.



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THE  
Maids last Prayer;  
OR,  
ANY, rather than Fail.

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ACT I. SCENE I. *Trickitt's House.*

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*Gayman and Granger, from Play.*

*Grang.* **A** Fox on your Ballett: Catch me at that damn'd Game, this Twelvemonth agen, and may I live to value my self upon the Modish Reputation of a gentile Tallicur.

*Gay.* And that has made a Fortune before now.

*Grang.* It never shall make mine: Death! I have no patience to be eternally jilted by *Alpiew*.—

*Gay.* But not the Ladies, *Granger*.

*Grang.* The Ladies? There lies the secret: When you design a Bank, you first consider what Beauties you shall get to draw in Custom: And I cou'd tell you, as a certain Lord did, when askt, why he never play'd at my Lady *Pamphockett's*.—

*Gay.* As how, pray?

*Grang.* Why, since you press me——I don't like your Women.

*Gay.* Sure you forget my Charming Lady *Trickitt*: And that's Inhospitable in her own House.

*Grang.* No, faith, I have her in my thoughts, a fresh Idea of her, and her little Cheats; her nauseous tofs, and all those Affectations, that ought to make a Woman odious to Men of sense.

*Gay.* Gad a mercy, St. George for England!

Now

## *The Maids last Prayer ;*

Now wou'd your Man of Travel and true-Dress, be transported, with what your right born *Brittain* finds such fault with ; and think these little agreements of absolute necessity to make a Mistress relish.

*Grang.* To make a Mistress relish ! to make a Mistress stink of the familiarity of half the Town : I must own my want of good breeding ; the Hogo's much too strong for me.

*Gay.* Thou Monster of ingratitude ! I heard this very Woman, within this Month, say, there was not so agreeable a Man in Town, as Mr. *Granger* ; so generous a Friend ; and so good humour'd a Gentleman ; especially upon a winning hand. —

*Grang.* Why there's the Devil on't : One Night, about that time, she lost her Money, and I was lucky : She, to my Face, cry'd up the Generosity of those, who make their Friends partakers of their good Fortune : And I was too well satisfied with mine to contradict her : Next Morning, she sent to speak with me, on earnest Business, which was, to borrow 500 Guinny's ; promising to repay me ; with such a Grace, that no one, who had not the Honour to know her Ladyship, cou'd have had the Heart to refuse her.

*Gay.* And how cou'd you retire like a Man of Honour ?

*Grang.* I told her, mine was a Younger Brother's Fortune ; not to be ventur'd but on good Security ; she indeed kindly proffer'd me the best she had about her. —

*Gay.* And so you Sign'd, and Seal'd ?

*Grang.* No, faith, without advising with Counsel, I knew 'twas so encumbered with Fops, and Blockheads, there was nothing in remainder for a reasonable Man : There's not a Rogue so nauseous, but is welcome to her for his Mony : All that will be Losers, Lenders, or Givers, have an equal claim to her good Graces : From the grinning stinking Lord, to the fat Booby Squire, whose unfavoury Vapours wou'd offend the Ladies Noses, in any Ruel, but her Ladyship's.

*Gay.* But what say you, to my lovely Lady *Malepert* ? She's more particular ; One Man at once suffices there.

*Grang.* Wou'd it were always to be her Husband.

That a Woman, at Eighteen, an Age, when Love, and Pleasure us'd to rule, shou'd in the midst of Plenty, value her self upon the Reputation of a Publican, and always sit at the Réceit of Custom ! Rot her, she has less mercy than a Mountebank's Bill : No Cure, no Mony, is a moral Honesty in the Surgeon ; but no Mony, no Cure, is only the Conscience of a Whore.

*Gay.* Prejudice of Education, *Granger* : Her Inclinations may be good, and *Wishwell's* influence over-rule 'em : She governs there, and Interest governs her.

*Grang.* Nay, Mrs. *Wishwell's* the very Flower of modern Industry, and shews a Master-Itroak in all she does : First, to insinuate, at her Age, into the Inclinations of this young Lady ; then, with her Character, to persuade the Family, she was a fit instructor for her ; and which is more, to make Lord *Lofly*, tho' turn'd of Fifty, agreeable to almost Fifteen.

*Gay*

*Gay.* But above all, to break the League 'twixt her, and her Lord's Aunt, my Lady *Susan*, who tho' a Friend to the Projection, cou'd not endure to have it brought about by any but the Family.

*Grang.* Yes, that Youthful Virgin of five and forty, with a swelling Rump, bow Legs, a shining Face, and colly'd Eyebrows (of what breath she pleases) sure she's an Original: 'Tis the most familiar Duck, always engag'd a Month before hand: She'd no more miss a Ball, than the curling her little finger, when she eats, tho' she hobbles worse than *Amigall* in the Scornful Lady, when she has broke her Crupper.

*Gay.* No matter for all that, I am oblig'd to her.

*Grang.* O yes, by having the Honour to be your Bawd, she thought to recommend her self to be my Mistress.

*Gay.* Despising her, as you do, why are you so often with her? Your visits are as regular as my young Masters to the crooked Heiress, whom his prudent Parent has pickt out, to be the future Blessing of the Family.

*Grang.* Why, to confess my Sins, and blush for all at once——since I refus'd *Trickist* the 100 Pound, I don't know what the Devil's the matter with her, but she has made me some advances, that have put me into a Curiosity of knowing the meaning of 'em. But, Damn her, while I believe her endeavouring to perswade me that she's in Love with me, I think I am in Love with her: I can't see to the end on't. But she, and my worthy Lady *Susan*, being, as you know, inseparable, I need explain no farther.

*Gay.* Speaking of *Trickist*, as you have always done, I durst have sworn of her whole Sex, she was the last in your opinion.

*Grang.* And so she is.

*Gay.* And yet you follow her.

*Grang.* I consider the Principles of a Mistress, no more than of a good Companion, they are both the Instruments of pleasure for the time; and to be trusted with nothing beyond that meeting.

*Gay.* But can you Love without esteem?

*Grang.* Why, you Court Lady *Adelopers*; you can have no real esteem for a Woman of her mercenary Character.

*Gay.* Cou'd I reclaim her, I shou'd be happy: At least the Tryal will be pleasant.

*Grang.* How does this agree with your Passion for *Maria*? Can you be false to her?

*Gay.* She won't let me be true to her: I have try'd her every way, but one; and that one way, that high way of Matrimony, 'twill come to at last, I believe.

*Grang.* I always thought *Wishwell* your Friend, in this Business.

*Gay.* The Lord has got the better of me: yet I will visit her agen, to get her into my Interest, if I can; if I fail in that, I shall at least have the pleasure of railing at her.

*Grang.* Nay, never think of curing the Mercenary Itch in an Old Woman: 'Tis the very Tetter of that Sex; and more or less, break out upon 'em all: The young ones are not clear on't.



*Gay.* Here comes the Noble Lord *Malepert*, and that Minor of Chivalry, Sir *Ruff Rantouner*: their Conversation should be diverting; let's stand back and observe 'em.

*Enter Sir Ruff, Lord Malepert hanging upon his Arm.*

*Sir Ruff, Granger.* methought, us'd your Lordship a little scurvily: I wonder you could bear it; for my part, I always make mince-meat of any Fellow that offers but half so much to me.

*Ld. Mal.* Pish, he lost his Money, and I reaz'd him; these things are nothing between us: Besides, I am witty upon him in my turn, I call him Wasp.

*Sir Ruff.* Nay, I must allow you are too hard for him at Repartee: but a Man of Honour, my Lord, should never put up the least Indignity: You never see him offer the like to *Gayman*.

*Ld. Mal.* Who? *Gayman*? Lord! he's the servill'st Fellow, the Ministers do so laugh at him.

*Sir Ruff.* Why, he'll fight, my Lord.

*Ld. Mal.* O Jesu! Sir! I never said any thing to the contrary: He's a very worthy Person; I always reckon him among my best Friends, whatever I say of him: I assure you he did all his Exercises at the Academy to a Miracle: He and I rid the great Horse together.

*Sir Ruff.* The great Horse! my Lord? sure you forget your self, your Lady's Padd went a great way with you.

*Ld. Mal.* Why really, *Sir Ruff*, you won't believe me; But I became the manage so well, that I verily believe I had been in the Army, but for one thing.

*Sir Ruff.* What was that, pray?

*Ld. Mal.* Why, they said Riding too much would teach me to turn in my Toes, and spoil my Dancing; and you know a Body wou'd not do that for less than a Regiment; and they offered me but a Troop. Was you at the Play last Night?

*Sir Ruff.* Yes, what of that?

*Ld. Mal.* Was *Wishwell* there? Well, she's the best Woman.

*Sir Ruff.* You have cause to say so.

*Ld. Mal.* Yes, really, she's always so particular to me: I have seen her so play upon my Lord *Lofly* when he was much a greater Man than I.

*Sir Ruff.* Has not she play'd for him too, my Lord?

*Granger.* This Blockhead will tell him he's a Cuckold to his Face. *Aside.*

*Ld. Mal.* Well, my Wife's mightily oblig'd to her: She's admitted to her Toilett, when she's abroad to Dutchesses: then she gave her the finest Present of Stuffs a Board in *East-India Ship*. *Lofly* had but just given is her: I am to have a Gown and Slippers of it my self.

*Granger.* Yes, and a Night-Cap too. Can this Puppy be so blind, not to know who made his Wife that Present?

*Sir Ruff.* When was you at Mrs. *Fiam's*?

*Ld. Mal.*



Ld. Mal. Last Night, at Ten, we rallied there, Lord *Lefty*, *Wishwell*, my Wife, and I: My Wife sent me home for more Money; but before I came back, where do you think they were gone?—Why, even to *Wishwell's*, where we had the prettiest Supper: After we rose from Table, *Wishwell* took me aside, as she us'd to do, to talk with her, at the Vices of the Age; I thank her, she knew which way to oblige me—

*Grang.* And the whole Company.

Sir *Ruff*. Why, after all, this was no Complement to my Lady.

Ld. Mal. Why, Lord, Sir *Ruff*, you don't think we left her alone: we were better bred, I assure you: my Lord and she went into the little Room, with the Crimson Couch, to talk of State Affairs: Now you must know my Wife understands State Affairs to a Miracle: She picks up all the News of the Drawing-Room, to inform me of at Night; for her whole Business, you must know, is to make me rise—

*Grang.* Out a Bed from her, I believe you.

*Gay.* Wou'd she had a better Employment.

Sir *Ruff*. To make you rise! 'tis lost Labour very often, my Lord; for, after all, you don't look much like a Man of Business.

Ld. Mal. O Lord, Sir! you're mistaken in me; I love State Affairs mightily; and understand 'em, tho' I say it, passably well: Why, I had a Politick Master all the while I was in *France*; without Vanity I got off a Sheriff, this Winter, in spite of the Commissioners.

Sir *Ruff*. Was not *Maria* with you at *Wishwell's*?

Ld. Mal. Ay, ay, *Maria* came in, and interrupted us; *Maria* came in— a Lady of your Acquaintance, — as good a Maid, tho' I say it—

Sir *Ruff*. Tho' you say it? what can you say of her?

Ld. Mal. Why, thou hast such an akeing Tooth after that Maiden-head of hers; but she won't marry you: Besides she has no Maidenhead.

Sir *Ruff*. Has your Lordship no Coxcomb?

Ld. Mal. Why, what do you mean, Sir *Ruff*?

I never was ask'd such an uncivil Question in all my Life. Jesu! mayn't a Man make a Jest, or so, upon a Friend, in a civil way?

Sir *Ruff*. Not where my Honour, or the Honour of my Mistress, is concern'd.

Ld. Mal. Pish, I honour her as much as you do: I think her Virtuous, let the World say what they will of her.

Sir *Ruff*. Will that repair the Injury? Damme, I'll have Satisfaction, or I'll wring your Neck off.

Ld. Mal. Help there, Treason, I am the Lord *Malepert*, seize him some Body—But, dear Sir *Ruff*, I meant no harm in the World? but as love-railling mightily, I can't forbear a witty Jest sometimes—

[*Granger and Gayman come forward.*]

Sir *Ruff*. Damn your dull Jest: This Place and Company protect you:

And so Adieu Lord Loggerhead. [Exit.]

Ld. Mal. Mr. *Granger*, Mr. *Gayman*, your Servant: Were you at the *Park* last Night?

Gay. Was your Lordship a Hunting with the King?  
 Ld. Mal. Jesu! I a Hunting? No, God forbid. You have the prettiest Trimming, Mr. Granger.

Did you buy it at the French Protestants?

Grang. That's a question for my Taylor?

Who was he that left you just now?

Ld. Mal. Honest Sir Ruff. Does the Queen see Company?

Grang. He us'd your Honour something coarsely, I thought.

Ld. Mal. Pish, 'tis a Pleasant Blustering Fellow, I allow him all his Humours, and he knows mine.

Grang. It seems he does.

Ld. Mal. Now you must know I am very quiet, and good natur'd, 'till I am vex'd, but then I'm the Devil.

Gay. At Twelve I'll meet you in the Park.

Grang. Stay, stay, we'll go together.

Ld. Mal. Did you lose to Night, Mr. Granger?

Grang. Did your Lady Sup at Mrs. Wiswell's?

Ld. Mal. Pish, did you win then?

Grang. Did my Lord Lofly Sup there too?

Ld. Mal. Very foolish; were you a Saver then?

Grang. Zounds! did you leave 'em alone?  
 That's the way for you to be a winner.

Ld. Mal. Well, my Wife does so laugh at him, when we're alone: she's only Civil to him, because he's a Relation: She say's his Conversation's so out of Fashion; and if he shou'd pretend to make Love.

Gay. She wou'd make very good sport with him.

Grang. I dare swear for her.

Ld. Mal. Yes, I vow now, for I assure you, she has a world of Wit, as my Aunt Susan says: She'll play upon me sometimes before Company; but that you know is the fashion.

Grang. What, to play upon your Lordship?

Ld. Mal. Pish, no, I mean to use a Husband negligently in publick; but then she's so fond of me in private: Nay, faith, our Humours jump to a hair, she'll rail to a Miracle, and you know I love railing mightily.  
 But do you resolve to quit Basset?

Grang. Dam it, 'twas invented by the Levellers, and suited to all Capacities; 'tis the Devil and all, to lose always to Fools.

Ld. Mal. I always to lose too, but witty Men, you know, are seldom lucky.

Grang. I must to my Lodgings; send some Rouleaus to the Bank, to pay my damn'd Debts, and learn to be wiser for the future: Shall I have your Honour's Company?

Ld. Mal. Jesu! Mr. Granger, I beg you Ten Thousand Pardons; I covet no Man's Company so much as yours; but I must go to Sir Faminio Farnishes, drink Tea at Siand's, and then to the Levees of three Privy Counsellors.

Gay. You're a necessary Man to 'em.

## Or, ANY, rather than Fail.

*Ed. Mal.* Why, really, bar Sir *Feminine*, there's not a Man in Town carries 'em further News.

*Grang.* Nay, he's a Prodigy of Intelligence.

*Ld. Mal.* And very well with the Ministry, upon my word:

No matter who's in play, he sticks to the Offices, and not the Men; there's not a word spoken in the Play-House, Chocolate-House, or Drawing-Room, but he gives 'em an account of.

*Grang.* You forget the Coffee-Houses.

*Ld. Mal.* O filthy! he leaves them to such as can endure the stink of Tobacco: No, he's too delicate for that, and I believe nothing less than the betraying the Secrets of a bosom Friend, cou'd persuade him to speak to a Man that came out of one: I went to him from visiting an Old Aunt, that was taking a Pipe:

The Smoak, I believe, got into my Perriwig, but he smelt me out immediately, and made his *Valet de Chambre* turn me down stairs; I must say that for him:

Nay, I vow he's an extraordinary fine Gentleman, And knows a Fool, as well——

*Grang.* As your Lordship.

*Ld. Mal.* Yes, I vow now, does he: Gad so, 'tis almost Eight a Clock, So dear Mr. *Granger*, and Mr. *Gayman*, your Servant;

You'll be at my Aunt *Susan's* this Afternoon; 'tis her day you know.

*Grang.* } Infallibly, my Lord.

{ *Exit Ld. Mal. one way, Granger, Gayman, another.*

*Scene drawn, showing La. Trickitt, Maria, and Garnish, making up the Bank, Cards scatter'd about.*

*L. Tric.* What luck's this, Child? to win of Sir *Limber Lowly*, and my Lady *Sinker*, (both desperate Debts) lose all our ready Money, besides a Sum to *Granger*.

*Maria.* Did Mr. *Granger* win? I came in late, you know.

*L. Tric.* Upon my Life, Child, we owe him a Hundred and Fifty Pound.

*Maria.* I take your word, Madam, but indeed I thought he had been a Loser, I'm sure he fretted at the usual rate.

*L. Tric.* You mistake him, Child, 'tis his Humour, he's as hard to please, as a Sick Monkey; and when he is; It sits as awkwardly upon him, at a *French Suit* on a young *Spaniard*, newly set out to Travel.

*Serv.* Mr. *Granger's* Man's to wait on your Ladyship. [*Enter Servant.*

*L. Tric.* Tell him I'm gone to Bed, bid him come after Dinner, and the Money shall be ready——— [*Exit Servant.*

He's strangely pressing; methinks He might have stay'd 'till next Basset———

Now if this Fellow be Fool enough not to understand me, and shou'd bring in the Money, all will be discover'd. [*Aside.*

*Serv.*

Gay: Was your Lordship a Hunting with the King?  
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*Grang.* Nay, he's a Prodigy of Intelligence.

*Ld. Mal.* And very well with the Ministry, upon my word:

No matter who's in play, he sticks to the Offices, and not the Men; there's not a word spoken in the Play-House, Chocolate-House, or Drawing-Room, but he gives 'em an account of.

*Grang.* You forget the Coffee-Houses.

*Ld. Mal.* O filthy! he leaves them to such as can endure the stink of Tobacco: No, he's too delicate for that, and I believe nothing less than the betraying the Secrets of a bosom Friend, cou'd persuade him to speak to a Man that came out of one: I went to him from visiting an Old Aunt, that was taking a Pipe:

The Smoak, I believe, got into my Perriwig, but he smelt me out immediately, and made his *Valet de Chambre* turn me down stairs; I must say that for him:

Nay, I vow he's an extraordinary fine Gentleman,

And knows a Fool, as well——

*Grang.* As your Lordship.

*Ld. Mal.* Yes, I vow now, does he: Gad so, 'tis almost Eight a Clock, So dear Mr. *Granger*, and Mr. *Gayman*, your Servant;

You'll be at my Aunt *Susan's* this Afternoon: 'tis her day you know.

<i>Grang.</i>	} Infallibly, my Lord.	{ <i>Exit Ld. Mal. one way, Granger, Gayman, another.</i>
<i>Gay.</i>		

*Scene drawn, showing La. Trickitt, Maria, and Garnish, making up the Bank, Cards scatter'd about.*

*L. Tric.* What luck's this, Child? to win of Sir *Limber Lovely*, and my Lady *Sinker*, (both desperate Debts) lose all our ready Money, besides a Sum to *Granger*.

*Maria.* Did Mr. *Granger* win? I came in late, you know.

*L. Tric.* Upon my Life, Child, we owe him a Hundred and Fifty Pound.

*Maria.* I take your word, Madam, but indeed I thought he had been a Loser, I'm sure he fretted at the usual rate.

*L. Tric.* You mistake him, Child, 'tis his Humour, he's as hard to please, as a Sick Monkey; and when he is, it sits as awkwardly upon him, as a *French Suit* on a young *Spaniard*, newly set out to Travel.

*Serv.* Mr. *Granger's* Man's to wait on your Ladyship. *[Enter Servant.]*

*L. Tric.* Tell him I'm gone to Bed, bid him come after Dinner, and the Money shall be ready—— *[Exit Servant.]*

He's strangely pressing; methinks

He might have stay'd 'till next Ballet——

Now if this Fellow be Fool enough not to understand me, and thou'd bring in the Money, all will be discover'd. *[Aside.]*

*Serv.*

Serv. Madam, he says, Mr. Granger Gives his Service to your Ladyship, and has sent You the Hundred and Fifty Pounds he lost to the Bank. { Servant returns with 3 Ransons.

L. Tric. Well, this sitting up does so prey upon the memory: Why, I durst ha' sworn we ow'd him that Sum: Well, Child, as't happens, this is no ill Night to thee.

Garn. Thanks to the timely Message—— [Aside.

Maria. They come so seldom, but Mr. Granger's the most punctual Man.

Garn. He's every way a Man of Honour.

L. Tric. So Waspish, there's no living with him: Of all things, he's my aversion.

Garn. I must be better satisfy'd of that, before I believe you. [Aside.

Maria. He's sometimes Splenetick indeed, but 'tis thro' so much good Sense, and Breeding, 'tis rarely seen, and always diverting.

L. Tric. Dear Maria, how can you say this? Did you ever know him Offer at a Civil thing? No, 'tis an arrant Churl: And for the Honour you mention, Mr. Garnish, He talks too much of it; to have more than his share.

Maria. I'll not dispute his Character with you: Shall we meet anon at my Lady Susans?

L. Tric. I'll not fail you, Child, she's one of the Gang.

Maria. I take my leave. [Exit.

L. Tric. Adieu Maria, adieu dear Child——

Why what a Credulous Creature this is!

Garn. Lord, Madam, how can you impose so upon your Friend?

L. Tric. Tell me of Friendship, no, as my Lord says,

There's no true Friend, but Money——

Garn. How, Madam?

L. Tric. And your self. But let us get as much Money as we can; 'twill secure your Friendship to me.

Garn. It cannot need such a security—— Well, Madam,

You have reconcil'd me to some things——for your Service.

L. Tric. And for your own, good Sir.

Garn. That I cou'd never have thought on, for my self.

L. Tric. And you have perswaded me to another thing——

Garn. For both our Services.

L. Tric. That I won'd ha' done for no body else.

Garn. There's no repenting of any thing I can do, for you, Or with you; I am a Slave to all your Interests, Employ your Cunning, I'll assist your Arts; Cheat all your friends, but me.

L. Tric. Cheat you?

Garn. Has Mr. Granger done any thing to make him your aversion? You won't allow him to be a Man of Honour; Have you a mind to put him to the Tryal? When you refuse a Man a Commendation that every body gives him, you must pardon me,

If I think, 'tis for some private reason of your own:  
Besides, I never knew a Woman declare an unreasonable aversion for a Man in publick, that had not a mind to have a better opinion of him in private.

L. *Tric.* What, you are jealous of him?

Garn. Not jealous, Madam: But 'tis a weakness to be too secure:  
While I rally'd to the Company, I had my Eyes about me, and indeed by what you lookt, or did, or said to him, I cou'd not find out your aversion.

L. *Tric.* A very Boyish jealousy indeed! He lost to us,  
And I was civil to him; nay, civil to his losses, not to him:  
I can do more to serve the common cause,  
So certain to our Interest——

Garn. I do believe you can do what you please; and I'll watch your pleasure—— [Florence enters. *Aside.*]

L. *Tric.* Is your Lord stirring yet, Florence?

Flor. He has been in his Dressing-Room this half hour, Madam.

L. *Tric.* Then 'tis as I wou'd have it; and a fair time for me to go to Bed——I come—— [Exit Florence.]

Garn. Shall we meet this Afternoon?

L. *Tric.* Not this Afternoon, I have Business; hardly this Week I fear:  
I hope I've satisfied your jealousy: you don't know enough of me—— [Exit.]

Garn. I do know enough, enough to satisfy me,  
There's no knowing more than she has a mind to:  
And all the knowledge our weak search can find,  
But proves, there is no knowing Womankind. [Exit.]

## ACT II. SCENE I

Withwell at her Toylett with Christian.

Wish. Prithce leave fiddling, 'tis well enough.

Christ. Madam, you wou'd have your things sit handfomly.

Wish. Decently, I wou'd; what you call handfomly, is a niceness,  
wou'd as ill become me, as a Sultana did a fat body, or a high Commode  
a lean Face; and only serve to make my decays more remarkable.

Christ. Will you please to use the Wash——

Wish. Use the Wash! A Woman turn'd of fifty, was ne're design'd  
to be lookt upon:

I may Wash, and Patch, and please my self; cheat my hopes, with the  
dayly expence of Plaister, and Repairs;

No body will take the Tenement off my hands.

Men use us, as we use our Spectacles, to draw the Object nearer to the  
Sense;

Sense: Indeed we are the fittest means, to guide and light their dark designs home to their ends on younger Women. No matter for the Character; I live by them, and they shall Love by me.

While I am Mistress of *Malepert's* Beauty, I am not very sensible of the loss of my own: For her sake I will be Courted: I have so many how-d'yees, and invitations in the Morning upon her account; so many visits in the Afternoon; and so many Bows in the Drawing-Room at Night.

*Chris.* For her sake you have so many Raffleings, and whoever throws most, you win the prize: For her sake, my proud Lord *Lofly*, who scarce bows to Heaven, cringes to you, and for her sake the whole Town calls you Bawd. [Aside.]

*Wish.* Time has been, when by the merits of my own Face—but

*Chris.* I had almost forgot, Madam, Mrs. *Lucy* was here this Morning, and desires you to remember Mr. *Oglewell* of the Temple.

*Wish.* She may rest her self contented; he is not for her turn: Mrs. *Siam* sent her Maid to his Chambers yesterday, in the Afternoon too, his Man deny'd him at first, but afterwards confess, his Master was in Bed with a fine Gentlewoman (one of the common fine things of the Town—I suppose) and wou'd not be disturb'd.

*Chris.* How, Madam! pretend to marry Mrs. *Lucy* for Love, and be in Bed with another!

*Wish.* Nay, now, he'll hardly marry for Love, since he has found a remedy for Love, without marrying.

*Chris.* Base Man! does not he fear a Judgment will follow him? Had it been a Match, I was to have 50 Pound of her, for putting your Ladyship in mind of it.

*Wish.* And did the Fool believe I wou'd turn Match-maker in my Old Age?

*Chris.* Why, Madam, 'tis no such Dishonourable Character.

*Wish.* But 'tis Ridiculous, and that's worse: No, give me an Office, where I may have thanks for what I do: Go, get the Chocolate—and remember I am at home to no body, but Lady *Malepert*. [Exit Christian.]

'Tis near the time she was to call me for the *India-Houses*, she turns to more account, than any of my former Acquaintance: She has hitherto been rul'd by me: And I will keep her out of those Gentlemens hands, if I can, who, by engaging her, as deep as they can, into their Interest, will certainly, as soon as they can, take her out of mine. If I may believe her, no body but Lord *Lofly* has yet been happy: He grows weary of presenting; and must give place to Gamesters, that bid more: Sir *Ruff Ranconter* offers very fair: While I can keep her to Men, where she can like nothing but their Money, I am safe! Therefore that Brute shall have her:

But *Gayman* loves her: She likes him too:

And when the Parties are so far agreed; there's but little work for a third Person, to bring 'em together: I fear *Gayman*,

As I shou'd a *French Privateer*, in the Channel, without a Convoy, and all



## Or, ANY, rather than Fail.

11

all my Fortune on board one Vessel: For he's a Master of those thriving Arts, and little Rogueries, that cheat, and please the Women: Then to his Person, Wit, and Industry, he has a certain respectful Impudence in his Behaviour, few Women can find fault with, or resist.

*Christian Enters.*

*Christ.* Before I cou'd give your Orders to deny you, Lord *Lefty* was told you were at home.

*Wish.* This must be by *Malepert's* appointment.

Wait on him up.

[*Christian goes out.*]

But now he's out at Court, he shall soon be so with her.

How! Mr. *Gayman*!

*Enter Gayman.*

*Gay.* 'Tis well you nam'd me, Madam; by the strangeness of your look, I was afraid you had forgot me.

*Wish.* I am surpriz'd you shou'd use another Name, to be admitted here; where I command you shall always be welcome.

*Gay.* I was sure the Name I borrow'd, wou'd carry me through this Family.

*Wish.* Your own can do as much.

*Gay.* Then 'tis since his disgrace: For, not three days ago, when you deny'd your self to every body, and to me, among the crowd of your unreasonable Visitors, my Lord *Lefty* and Lady *Malepert*, were notoriously above stairs with you; above stairs, in private with you; with you, or without you.

*Wish.* How, Mr. *Gayman*! notoriously at my House?

*Gay.* Why, yes Faith, Madam, it was very notorious: And you were so little cautious of concealing it, Their Pages were at Play, all the afternoon, before the Door: It made a Jest for every body that went by; and wou'd have been apprehended by the very blind Cuckold himself, had he hapned in the way.

*Wish.* 'Tis very well, Sir; now you show your self.

*Gay.* Why, Faith, I can't help it; I must show my self, Upon these occasions; 'tis every Honest Man's cause, and duty to be concern'd to find the best things so abus'd; to see a young Ladies Pleasures fall so soon, into the Contempt and Scandal of the Town, thro' indiscretion, or mismanagement:

I don't tax you of either: But the World.——

*Wish.* I despise the World.——

*Gay.* The Flesh, and the Devil too, good Madam:

But they'll get the better of us all.

*Wish.* And you, the worst of Devils. What of the World?

*Gay.* Why People you know are apt to prate:

And when a Woman of Experience, as you may be, engages in these Affairs, the World expects a Conduct suitable to your Grave Character:

All the miscarriages of an Intrigue are lay'd on you, the Lovers are call'd Fools;

And you have a worse Name.

*Wish.* I see you come to rail, I laugh at you.

*Gay.* I came to make you merry: Laugh with me, if you please; we'll Laugh at other People.

While he was in favour, I grant you, he might be a Friend; and there was Reason good for serving him: But I know you are truer to the interest of the Drawing-Room, than to think any Man, that's in disgrace, can be a Friend.

Since my Good Lord is down, ev'n let him lye,

Another Man may rise out of his fall:

You can't want Friends:

I have a hard-hearted Father must dye at last;

And then I can be what you think a Friend,

Able to come up to your price of thanks: Come,

Not to get a habit of it, do a generous thing,

And let me once speak well of you.

*Wish.* Very well.

*Gay.* Come, come, I'm in the secret, and therefore fittest to be trusted now: the Lady's an out-lying Deer;

I know, you have been accessary to some of her escapes already; and can help her over the Pale, upon occasion again, to serve a Friend, Mrs. *Wishwell*.

*Wish.* We are both beholden to you.

*Gay.* If I am not to be oblig'd to her, upon your account,

'Tis but staying till my Betters are serv'd,

And then, as you manage matters,

Every Man may hope to have her in his turn.

*Enter Christian, and goes out.*

*Christ.* Madam, my Lady *Malepers's* coming up.

*Gay.* How, Madam?

*Wish.* To hear how kindly you can speak of her.

*Gay.* Forgive what I have said, my Fortune, Interest, Life, and all you shall command.

*Wish.* I wou'd command your Tongue.

*[Wishwell receiving my Lady Malepers.]*

Thou Charming Creature!

Be for ever thus, thus Dear, thus Young, thus ever killing Fair?

*Lady.* Dear *Wishwell*, I fear I have tri'd thy patience.

*Wish.* Doting to this degree, I needs must languish:

But now I have you thus:—

*Gay.* Flattering Devil!

*Lady.* My passionate Gallant!

*Wish.* That Title you may allow me, without injuring your Lord:—

*Gay.* There the question hangs.

*[Christian enters, and whispers Wishwell.]*

*Lady.* How! Mr. *Gayman*! you're a Stranger here.

*Gay.* I'm sorry for that, Madam; I am every where an humble Servant of your Ladyships.

*Wish.*

*Wish.* Wou'd the Devil had her for coming so unseasonably:  
I can't avoid leaving 'em together: But the opportunity shall do him little good:  
Your Ladyship will allow me a minute, and I'll be with you agen. —

[Goes out.]

*Gay.* That minute must be mine: And let a minute tell you,  
What all my Life can ne're enough explain, how much I value you.  
I wont believe 'tis from your own Design, that I'm thus us'd:  
I know I've Enemies, but wonnot think you can be one of 'em.

*Lady.* I ne're can be your Enemy.

*Gay.* O, no! they're outward all, not near this tender Breast,  
And most unworthy to possess your Heart;  
That Heart, which once you said, was wholly mine.

*Lady.* And was not that a fault?

*Gay.* It was, to break your word.

*Lady.* Why, did I say so?

*Gay.* Because then it pleas'd you, to speak a Truth that charm'd me to be  
yours: And yours I must be, use me as you will:  
But being yours.

*Lady.* Why, did I meet you here?

*Gay.* To tell me where I next shall meet you.

*Lady.* Why will you press me thus to what will ruin me?

*Gay.* With *Wishwell*, I wou'd have it. —

*Lady.* If you can think it fit. —

*Gay.* There's nothing fit without you.

*Lady.* At *Siam's*, this Afternoon, we Raffle there.

*Gay.* I Raffle for a Heart. —

*Wishwell Enters with Siam.*

*Lady.* Mrs. *Siam*, you're in your round of Visitation, I see.

*Siam.* I joy to find your Ladyship here: I have the sweetest things;  
I have 'em in the next room to shew you. Good Lord!  
*Mr. Gayman!* how came you here? Who-ever's the better for your Company,  
I'm sure, I shall have no reason to thank you for't, at this time.

*Wish.* Nor I neither, Pox take him —

[Aside.]

*Gay.* Why, what's the matter, pray?

*Siam.* The matter! why, a Jealous, Old, Coxcomby Fellow, (that ought  
to be a Cuckold, if I had Womanhood enough about me, to make him one) is  
matter enough for all the misfortunes, that can fall upon a Woman, of my  
publick Employment.

*Gay.* What! my Noble Captain *Drydrubb*, your Husband?

*Siam.* Ay, ay, the Noble Captain, as you call him:

Wou'd he were a Captain now, to be Commanded into *Flanders*, that I might  
hope to be rid of him:  
But I'm ev'n well enough serv'd, I must have a Souldier, with a Pox to him:  
a Man of Honour, as he calls himself, to Command me: One, that has out-  
liv'd the memory of being a Corporal, in the Civil Wars; and has borrow'd  
the Title of a Captain, only to run in Debt with.

*Gay.* He's Man of Honour enough, to be jealous it seems:

*Siam.* Yes, yes, he's Jealous enough to be a Man of Honour, if that will make him one: But he's jealous of himself, I suppose, and his own Honour; and that makes him jealous of me, and mine: But I've a plaguy Life with him, that's the Truth on't;

He follows me all over the Town,

Dogs me wherever I go: All this live-long Morning

He has been at my heels: He says I run a gadding after the Fellows, and if he finds out my Haunts, he swears he'll pepper me: Now if he has seen your Servants at the Door, the whole World shall never persuade him, but I came upon an Assignment with your Worship; and 'twill hardly be in the power of a Guinny, to make him quiet again.

*Lady.* Poor *Siam*! I vow she has a dismal time on't:

*Siam.* A dismal time on't, indeed, if your Ladyship knew all; but for God's sake, Mr. *Gayman*, as you tender the Reputation, and quiet of a poor Woman, that have been Younger in my time, be so kind now

*Gay.* Well, Mrs. *Siam*, I will be so kind.

*Siam.* Else this overcharg'd Blunderbuss, will have the Impudence to come in, and let flye among the Ladies.

*Gay.* Ple deliver you this time from his Jealousie;

I am a Slave to the Interest of your Sex:

Your Servant, Ladies.——

[Exit.]

*Siam.* Well, this Mr. *Gayman* is a civil Gentleman in appearance, and that's as much as a Lady can desire in a Young Man: Truly I'm oblig'd to him.

Shall I bring in the Stuffs, Madam? They are the newest things; I'm sure they'll please your Ladyship.

*Lady.* Some of your stale Ware, *Siam*.

*Siam.* Upon the Faith of a Christian, Madam, they never saw this side of the World yet; they're just out of the Indian House, and never were open'd to any one, but this Morning, to my Lady *Kill-Chairman*; She indeed is my very good Customer, and bought four pieces of 'em for a Mantoa.

*Lady.* For her whole Family sure, four pieces!

*Wish.* We'll look upon 'em, in the next Room, if you please.

But, *Siam*, what have you done about our Raffle?

Are there Subscribers enow?

*Siam.* I want but one, Madam: I have got a very Honest Generous Gentleman, to make one, Sir *Ruff Ranconner*;

If he wins, he'll scorn to carry any thing out of the Company; some of the Ladies will be the better for him.

Leave these things to me: The Men I provide for you, at my House, shall be Men of Honour, I assure you, and for the purpose you design 'em.

[Exit.]

*Lady.* What purpose can such a Beast, as *Ranconner*, be design'd for among the Women?

*Wish.*



*Wish.* Why, like a Beast, to bear the burthen of your Expences upon your Pleasures.

None but such Beasts will bear 'em: Think on that.

*Lady.* I hate him.

*Wish.* I wou'd not have you Love him: Love your self, And then you'l Love nothing but your Interest.

Come, come, a 1000 Pounds may answer for the Man:

'Tis but suffering a little of his Company; and why not a little of his, as well as more of your Husbands?

They're Beasts alike: Only this, in proportion, bids more to be receiv'd by you. Then he can do you no Injury, either in your Quiet, or your Fame: For you can no more be in Love with him, (which is a great Blessing in these Affairs) than the Town can think, you ever allow'd him, to be in Love with you, and is not a Thousand Pound, a round Summ, for doing so little, and suffering nothing?

*Lady.* But why shou'd I do any thing against my Inclinations? I don't want the Money.

*Wish.* Madam, Madam, every Woman wants a Thousand Pound: And for your Inclinations, if you allow them to get the better of you, you are undone:

There are a great many pretty Gentlemen to be had; But what will you get by any of 'em in the end? Just so much Experience, and Repentance for your pains: You may be in Love with a Man, that has it in his Temper to be in Love with half the Town; as all the Young Men are.

And how will it agree with the Pleasure of your Pride, Or the pride of your Pleasure, to be forsaken?

No, no, no Love: We'll learn that of the Men:

For Love is Nature's Appetite Disceas'd:

Where we have no Concern, we're always pleas'd.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*St. James's Park.*

*Sir Ruff meeting Gayman and Garnish.*

*Sir Ruff.* DID you see, Lord Malepers? *Gay.* What? must it be a Tilt, Sir Ruff?

*Sir Ruff.* No, no, hang Fighting among Friends: I have other Business for him; of another Nature, Gentlemen; I make Love to his Wife.

*Gay.*

## The Maids last Prayer;

*Gay.* How? how? pray recollect your self.

*Sir Ruff.* Nay, not that I think her any better than her Chambermaid: 'Tis the Woman does my business, and not the Lady: I had rather have a prudent Practiser of the Trade, to use as I think fit; than a Gentlewoman (that only does it now and then, for her Diversion) to use me as she pleases. But, you know, a Man in this Town, is no body, without the Reputation of a Quality-Entrieue:

And all that I do it for, is to talk of in Company;

And be better respected by the Women:

For you know, they generally judge,

Just as other Women have judg'd before 'em.

*Garn.* But if the Entrieue be only on your side.

*Sir Ruff.* Sir, I wou'd have you to know, 'tis on her side too:

*Gayman*, thou art a pretty Fellow, and shalt be my Confident: There's no Living, without Communicating matters of this kind, to have both parties the better for 'em.

But, Mr *Garnish*, to convince you,

The Husband's strangely fond of me, and you know,

That always proceeds from the good Opinion of the Wife.

*Gay.* I may make use of this.

*Sir Ruff.* But besides, I have made *Madam Wishwell*, my Friend:

It costs me Money indeed; but she takes the troublesome part off my Hands: She makes Love for me; I'm only to stand by what she says: She sends me word, we are to Raffle at *Siam's* in the Afternoon.

*Gay.* But, my Lord, and you are fall'n out.

*Sir Ruff.* That's no matter, if I cou'd meet him.

*Enter Lord Malepert.*

*Garn.* Here he comes, ready for your purpose.

*Sir Ruff.* Give me thy Hand, dear Bully; Faith, I'm sorry you provok'd me to use you so untowardly.

*Ld. Mal.* Really, *Sir Ruff*, and so am I, with all my Heart, I meant no harm, I vow and swear: If I had not thought you my Friend, I wou'd not have pretended to be witty in your Company:

But Faith, and Troth, you were bloody Angry.

*Sir Ruff.* Come, come, shall we Dine together?

*Ld. Mal.* With all my Heart; upon Condition, you'll go with me to *Siam's* in the afternoon.

*Gay.* Nay, that's but reasonable.

[To *Sir Ruff*.

*Sir Ruff.* Then be it so; I'll go along with you.

*Ld. Mal.* Well, *Siam's* the best Woman in the World;

She's the rarest Company, and has all the News.

Then she's so fond of me, that I verily believe I spend above a Thousand a Year at her House.

*Sir Ruff.*

Sir Ruff. Nay, Faith, then you have Reason.

Ld. Mal. I vow, I shou'd be the worst Man in the World,  
If I did not Love her,  
She has done so handsomely by my Wife.

Gay. As how, pray?

Ld. Mal. Why, she heard a Noble Lord, and a Great Man at *Whitehall*,  
say, he was in Love with her :

And what do you think this good Creature did ?

Gay. Why, pray perhaps, that she might resist the Temptation.

Ld. Mal. O Foolish ! pray ? No, quite contrary :

She came to her next morning, and told her of it ;

That she might be sure to avoid him.

Garn. No doubt, that was the Reason.

Gay. But, my Lord, you are not there so often as you us'd.

Ld. Mal. Why since her Marriage, the House is turn'd upside down : what  
do People Marry for, but to live easy with every body ? When there's no danger  
of a Rival.

Methinks a Man should think every one his Friend :

I'm sure 'tis the Maxim of my Family.

Gay. It should be the Maxim of every Man,

That's Born to your Fortune, my Lord.

Ld. Mal. But the Old Captain, you must know, has got it into his Head,  
to be Jealous of me, and is grown so troublesome ; he can't endure a Witty Man  
shou'd come into his Doors.

Garn. You have giv'n him Cause, my Lord.

Ld. Mal. Nay indeed, if Mrs. *Siam* was to be had, I believe, I stand as fair  
for her, as any body :

But I never had the least dishonourable Thought of her ;

Never saw any thing bare of her, above her Knee :

An inviolable Friendship I must own for her ;

I Love her mightily.

Gay. I thought there was something in't.

Sir Ruff. Ay, ay, no doubt on't. But we shall lose our Dinners.

Ld. Mal. Nay, I wou'd not lose my Dinner for more than I'll speak of, at  
this time : my Wife is very regular at her Meal :

If I chance to lose a Meal, she says,

I an't my own Man agen in a week after.

Sir Ruff. Nor your Wife's neither, my Lord ; come let's be gone.

[*Exeunt* Ld. Mal. and Sir Ruff.]

Gay. 'Tis almost One : *Granger* said he wou'd be here.

Garn. That Friend of yours, is a pleasant, snarling Fellow,

And a good Companion : 'Tis pity he's so very peevish.

Gay. He has a Thousand good Qualities, but they have all a tang of his  
testy Humour, that shows it self in all he says, and does ; like a drop of Oyl left  
in a Flask of Wine, in every Glas you taste it.

Garn. Here the Gentleman comes to answer for himself.

*Granger*.

*The Maids last Prayer ;**Granger Enters with a Footman.*

*Foot.* Sir, my Lord, commanded me to tell you, Company Dines with him, And he desires you'd please to be there.

*Grang.* Well, well.

[Exit Footman.]

*Grang.* Zounds! a Man had as good be ty'd to a Stake, and baited like *Tom Dove*, on an *Easter Monday*, as be the necessary appurtenance of a Great Man's Table; they make me as much their own, as if I were part of their side-board.

*Garn.* What's the matter, Mr. *Granger*?

*Gay.* Why in such a Passion?

*Grang.* Passion! why they use me, as if I had none about me: They won't let me be my own Man 24 Hours together.

*Garn.* That's hard indeed: But pray, who does encroach upon your Liberty?

*Grang.* Who? Why who shou'd dare? But they who may do any thing: Here's the new Favourite Summons me to Dine with him: He sends me word there will be Company; and, I suppose, designs to serve me up, as part of the Entertainment.

*Gay.* Now, wou'd many an Honest Fellow be proud of this Invitation, and think his Fortune made by't.

*Grang.* Why, I have known many an Honest Fellow proud of the Pox; but my Ambition does not lye that way, nor my Inclination at present:

But thither I must go, tho' I was engag'd to my *Ld. Lofy*.

*Garn.* Will he admit of no excuse?

*Grang.* No, plague on't, his Messages are like *Subpœna's*; I may stay away, if I think fit; but I shall pay a swinging Fine for my contempt.

*Gay.* 'Tis not a Month since he was in your Favour, and *Lofy* cou'd not get a good word from you.

*Grang.* And 'tis not yet a Fortnight, since he was mean enough to accept of an Employment; and *Lofy* had the Soul to part with three.

*Gay.* Sure, *Granger*, thou lovest a nodding wall; that will bury thee in its ruins; Tho' it never gave thee shelter, while it stood:

As no one was the better for *Lofy's* Greatness, methinks it shou'd be difficult to be concern'd for his Disgrace:

I'm sure I'll condole with no Man, that wou'd never give me cause to rejoice with him.

*Grang.* He mended every day.

*Gay.* No Faith, he kept up his Character to the last: And had his Politicks, and Honesty, been put into the Scale, the ballance had been even.

*Grang.* This is ungenerous.

*Gay.* 'Tis what you have said of him, within this Month, and still the Man's the same.

*Grang.* If you must rail, let the new Favourite be the Subject.

*Gay.* Why, what's his fault?

*Grang.* Why, he's a Favourite; that will make faults, if it find none.

*Gay.* You may distinguish the Man from the Favourite:

He's



He's ne're the worse for having it in his power to do good Offices:  
Besides his Company's good; his Table easie; and, *Granger*, he has al-  
ways been a Friend to you.

*Grang.* A Friend to me! A Tyrant. Has he not carry'd me about,  
like *Bajazet*; and made me talk too? Zounds! does he take me for a Parrot? the Bird deserves his meat, and  
cleaning of his Cage, that talks for't. You, who love the Company, and  
Tyranny of Courtiers, much good may do you with it: For my part,  
'tis a Hell to me; and I'll keep out on't, as long as I can.

*Enter Capt. Drydrubb.*

*Capt.* Do'st talk of Hell, Old Boy? There's a Parson in the bottom on't  
I believe: For there's no Hell, no Purgatory, no Devil, but of the Cler-  
gy's providing.

What! thou hast Marry'd some old libidinous Gentlewoman? —

*Grang.* Not, indeed, Sir; I have occasion sufficient to be out of hu-  
mour; without having a Wife, Young, or Old, to provoke me. You  
must guess agen.

*Capt.* Not I, Sir, I shan't guess agen: You may have it, for the keep-  
ing, if you won't tell us what's the matter with you: But you say you're a Whore-Master?

*Grang.* Not I, Sir.

*Capt.* Not you, Sir, why may be then you are not so honest a Man:  
But if you are not a Marry'd Man, you must be a Whore-Master: And  
why you shou'd be out of humour, who carry all the Women before you,  
I can't tell: Cuckoldy Husbands indeed, that come after you, have some-  
thing to provoke 'em: Grant us patience, I say.

*Gay.* Why how now, Captain? I thought I should have met thee here.

*Capt.* Why how now! ha! are you there, Sir? No, dost thou think  
Can't all the Town suffice you, Sir? but you must be running after my  
Domestick, ferriting in my Borrough?

*Gay.* I, Captain? I thought I should have met thee here.

*Capt.* Yes, you, no Captain: For all your cunnings, I have found out  
your haunt, your meeting place: Will no! less a Bawd, than Mrs. *Wish-  
well*, serve your turn? But I see the Ambition of the Boy; by *Pompey*, I  
smoke you: Why, what an Impudent Fellow are you to think of making  
a Cuckold of a Captain? Did you ever hear of a Captain, that was a Cuckold, Sir?  
'Twas in the Parliament Army, if you did, that I can tell you.

A Parliament Captain might be a Cuckold indeed;  
But 'twas because he had not the King's Commission, to protect his Wife  
then.

*Grang.* There were some Cuckolds in that Army, I believe, who made  
use of their Horns to toss the Cavaliers out of the Kingdom.

*Capt.* But I was always on the King's side.

*Grang.* Beaten? *Capt.* Beaten I say, sometimes beaten, Sir:

'Tis no such wonder for a Captain to be beaten, I hope:  
But I'll not be a Cuckold, Sir, nor be beaten by a Disaff, a Wife: Have

I brought my Honour from *Edgbill*, both the *Newbury's*, and *Marston-Moor*, nay, and from *Worcester* too, to lose in an *Indian House*? Then Fortune is my Foe,

*Gay*. Faith, Captain, your Honour's safe for me: But I cou'd tell you—

*Capt*. What can you tell me, Sir, I know enough already: And more than I care to know.

*Gay*. Why, I cou'd tell you, who attempts your Honour, If you had temper to hear me—

*Capt*. Temper to hear you? why I'm as temperate a Tom-tit; as mild as May: Prithee tell me, good Boy, who?

*Garr*. Nay, now you're engag'd in Honour to tell him.

*Gay*. I am loath to make a Division among Friends; But I must acquit my self, and truly I have observ'd some winks, and passing familiarities, between Lord *Malcott*, and your Wife.

*Capt*. Nay, I thought there was no good towards, in his coming so often to the House: But does that snivelling Pea-Chick think to make a Cuckold of me? Who have seen all the service of *Christendom*, from the meeting the *Scotch Army* at *Coldstream*, to the merry meeting at *Hounslo-Hearth*?

*Gay*. Nay, I have seen Mrs. *Wishwell* carry Whispers between 'em.

*Capt*. I'll demolish, by *Pompey*, I'll break her Windows, and turn over my old Park to the Sessions, to answer the Battery: But for that beardless, shambling, whay-fac'd— They are to raise at our House this Afternoon: This is *Wishwell's* design to bring 'em together: But I shall part them with a Clap of Thunder, by *Pompey*.

*Grang*. Well said, old *Baskibill*!

*Capt*. Yes, faith, I'll swing 'em: I remember your *Damase-Boys*, your *Swashes*, your *Tuquoques*, and your *Titire-Tues*: Have us'd the Fleece, and *Speering's*: Thrown Clunch at a whole Table, where half of 'em wore *Velvet Patches*: Had drank my Tun of Brandy, before this pulcing *Puppy's* Father tasted Milk: I'll ransack 'em, by *Pompey*.

*Garr*. Can we assist you, Captain?

*Capt*. Not that I care what any Man can do with the old Jude: But I won't be a Cuckold, in my Old Age, Gentlemen, I won't be a Cuckold: I can make a thrust still—

*Gay*. All vigour to the stump!

*Capt*. And, by *Pompey*, they shall find I am—

*Gay*. Will you dine with us, Captain?

*Capt*. Dine with you? you must lend me a *Guinny* then,

One little *Guinny*; or I must go home to the old *Jezabel*, and compound for a Cuckoldom: By staying abroad as long as she pleases!

*Gay*. Here's that shall prevent it. [Gives him a Guinny.]

*Capt*. God a Mercy, Boy!

By *Pompey*, now the day's agen our own:

We'll go, and cherish our selves with a good Dinner,  
Some Wine, and much Nants,  
And then resolv'd for War, we'll boldly try,  
Who beats up my Wife's Quarters, he, or I.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

### *Lady Susan's Lodgings.*

*Enter Lady Susan, Maria, and Lord Malepert.*

L. Su. Come, dear Maria——

Mar. Your Ladyship's Lodgings are so neat!

Ld. Mal. Siam and I fancy'd all the Furniture:

We ran about to Shops three days together:

I love running about mightily.

L. Su. True, Nephew, you paid Coach hire; but I vow, Maria, 'twas every bit of it my own fancy.

Mar. 'Tis very well fancy'd: and every thing in such Order!

L. Su. O law! you know 'tis my day; and then Mr. Granger and the rest of 'em will certainly be here.

Ld. Mal. Granger's a Wit: He and I are very great;

And I love a Wit mightily.

Mar. Well, Madam, you're oblig'd to Mr. Granger.

L. Su. O Jesu! but, dear Maria, tell me,

When, where, and how; I long to know.

Mar. Last Night at my Lady Malepert's.

Ld. Mal. Yes, I vow, and my Wife frump'd all the while, and yet did not say one word.

L. Su. Well, go on, dear Child, I'm impatient——

Mar. He said you were the only Lady in Town that understood Behaviour, and good Breeding.

L. Su. O law! and did he?

Ld. Mal. Yes, I vow, our Family was always remarkable for good breeding.

L. Su. Dear Nephew, don't interrupt her: Well, dear Child——

Mar. He said Experience had ripen'd you to Woman——

Ld. Mal. Yes, I vow, my Aunt was five and forty last Lammis.

L. Su. Nay, Nephew, know when to hold your Tongue: Come, Maria——

Mar. But that of all things, he despis'd those unsledg'd Creatures; the Town calls Beauties, a Company of unexperie'd Girls, without the knowledge of Conversation, in which your Ladyship excell'd.

Ld. Mal. Nay, my Aunt can talk as much as the best of us.

L. Su. O Crimine! this was strangely obliging.

Mar. Then he said you had the sweetest Page; and he was always dress'd so prettily——

## The Maids last Prayer;

L. *Sn.* Poor dear *Jano*! And did he like the Child? He shall see him in his Night-Gown.

Ld. *Mal.* But you forget, *Maria*, he said happy the Man that were in that Child's place; and sigh'd so sillily——

*Mar.* Then looking scornfully at all the the Ladies——

Ld. *Mal.* Yes, and upon my Wife too; I assure you, she took it bloody ill of him.

*Mar.* He swore no Lady had Charms like yours, nor set 'em off so well——

L. *Sn.* He has not seen me in my new Mantoa yet.

*Mar.* Then rav'd on your Complexion; and for your Eye-brows——

L. *Sn.* O law! I hope he knows nothing of them.

*Mar.* They were the Strings of *Cupid's* Bow;

Your Eyes the only Arrows.

L. *Sn.* And did he say all this?

*Mar.* Yes, and laught at you.

Ld. *Mal.* Yes, I vow, did he, and really was very foolish—— [Aside.

*Mar.* To see how out of countenance we were to hear it. [Jano enters.

*Jano.* Madam, Mr. *Granger* and Mr. *Gayman* are coming up.

Ld. *Mal.* Lord! what shall I do?

*Mar.* What? afraid to be seen with your Aunt?

Ld. *Mal.* No, I vow now, I an't afraid; but I wou'd not have my Wife know it for the World tho'.

L. *Sn.* Well, Nephew, go into my Closet: There's *Quarles* upon the Japan Table for you.

Ld. *Mal.* What the Book with Pictures! nay then, 'tis well enough; I'll go in, divert my self.

L. *Sn.* Divert himself! Jesu! did you ever hear such an unseemly Expression before Ladies?

*Mar.* Unseemly, Madam!

L. *Sn.* O law! Child, he had even as good ha' told us what he was going about: But, dear *Maria*, pull down my Mantoa; they're just a coming.

Enter *Granger* and *Gayman*.

L. *Sn.* Mr. *Granger*, Mr. *Gayman*, your humble Servant.

*Gay.* I never saw any thing so pretty as your Ladyship's Sconces.

L. *Sn.* You're so obliging: And how do you like 'em, Mr. *Granger*?

*Grang.* As they are your Ladyship's I must admire 'em.

L. *Sn.* They were made in *France*, I assure you, by Madam's own Workman—Child, bid my Woman set Chairs—— [Mrs. *Judy* sets Chairs.

*Grang.* Wou'd we might have her Company, instead of the Ladies.

*Gay.* Your Ladyship's Woman's very pretty.

L. *Sn.* And has a World of Wit, I assure you.

*Grang.* There's no body so much set off by a handsem Woman, as your Ladyship.

L. *Sn.* O law! that's particular——

But, Mr. *Granger*, do you think her pretty?

*Grang.* By reflection from your Ladyship.

L. *Sn.*



L. Su. Still particular——  
Mr. Granger, shall I beg a word with you? [Aside.  
[They all rise.

'Tis Business; I hope the Company will pardon me.

Gay. What an affected doating Fool's this? How can you bear her?

Mar. I must be civil to her for the sake of her Relations.

Gay. You'll be at Siam's about five.

Mar. I'll not fail.

Gay. I'll ask for you——

L. Su. Never to be forgiv'n—— [To Granger aloud, and laughing.

But, Mr. Gayman, have you seen the Stuffs at Siam's? there are three or four the sweetest Pieces: I bought the Red and Silver for a Night-Gown.

Gay. 'Twill certainly become your Ladyship.

Grang. Pinks and Lillies: exactly her Complexion.

L. Su. O law! Sir! Well, I wonder Trickitt is not come yet; I have seen her almost these two hours: But, Jesu! there's a Coach stop't; I hope 'tis hers.

Jano. 'Tis my Lady Trickitt's; she's just Landed.

L. Su. Landed! pray mind, Mr. Granger, how prettily he expresses it; he says she's Landed.

Grang. Proper, and apt indeed, were it out of a Kennel.

[L. Trickitt aloud from the bottom of the Stairs, answered by Lady Susan, Trickitt enters.

L. Tric. Su——

L. Su. Trickit——

Dear, dear Creature!

L. Tric. Dear, dear Suky!

Gay. How the Monkies cling together!

L. Su. Well, Trickitt, this was Barbarously done, I vow and swear now, neither to see me, nor let me hear from thee in two whole hours: As I hope to breathe now, I was just going to write thee a Scolding Letter.

L. Tric. Nothing but Business, and my Lord's Commands could have prevented me.

L. Su. Mr. Garnish, your Servant.

[Garnish enters.

L. Tric. O, Mr. Garnish! you can tell us: Does Sir Symphony hold forth to Night?

Garn. He'll tell you himself immediately, Madam; I met him at the end of the Street; and he told me, he had but five Visits to make in his way hither, and wou'd be with you in an Instant.

L. Su. Well, I vow, 'tis a Civil Gentleman.

Grang. You speak of him with some concern, Madam.

L. Su. Who, I, Sir? no I vow, a filthy unmannerly Fellow, And if he had not the Fiddles, now and then, wou'd be good for nothing. I abhor him, I vow I do: O law! what had I like to ha' done? [Aside.

Grang. Your Ladyship, and Lady Trickitt design to be at his Musick, I hope, notwithstanding this aversion?

L. Su. What! on my day? Jesu! Mr. Granger, what do you take me for.

for? Yet I love Musick to an extravagance, I vow now; but the World, Mr. Granger, what wou'd the World say?

Grang. You're above their Censure, Madam: the receiv'd Opinion of your good breeding will justify your Ladyship in any thing.

L. Su. Jesu! *Trickitt*, how Mr. Granger mistakes the matter?

'Tis not that I fear to commit an error in good breeding, Not I, I assure you; but if I shou'd be so light, to go to publick Places, when all the World is sensible 'tis my day, they must needs think 'twere an Affligation, and that for a Lady of my Quality——

Sir Sym. Ladies, your most obeyant

[Sir Symphony enters.

Servant: I'm come to you with an invitation from the Muses; all the World have promised me the honour of their Company; and yet if I am refus'd your Ladyships, I shall think my House a Solitude.

L. Su. You can have no Company of mine to Night, Sir:

I must use him scurvily before Mr. Granger, Else he may be jealous; and I would not have 'em quarrel here for the World.

[Aside.

Sir Sym. Cruel Creature! But is there no hopes, Madam?

L. Su. Nay, Sir, pray be quiet; Lord, can't you let a body alone? pray what have I to do with your hopes? Really, Mr. Granger, this Fellow is a forward impertinent Fop, so he is.

Grang. I hope, Madam, his forwardness does not proceed from any encouragement you have given him?

L. Su. Jesu! Sir, I give a Man encouragement!

Grang. I only speak my Fears, Madam.

L. Su. You're so Obliging, Sir——

[To Granger.

Well, this is past dispute.

[To her self.

Gay. What have you there, Sir Symphony?

[Looking on his Table-Book.

Sir Sym. Why, this is a Catalogue of the Ladies

I Visit, Ogle, and say soft things to:

Seven and Fifty, Widows, Wives, and Maids:

And if I don't succeed with some of 'em;

I have been a Civil Person to little purpose.

Gay. I'll follow you immediately——

[To Maria.

Mar. I'll take my time——

[Goes off.

Jano. Madam, Mrs. Prattle has sent

[Enter Jano.

Her Servant, to desire your Ladyship to carry her to the Park to morrow Night.

L. Su. How prettily the Child delivers his Message?

[Kisses him.

Pray kiss him, Mr. Granger, he has the sweetest breath; this will give an opportunity to take off my Kiss, [Aside] You are mightily oblig'd to Mr. Granger,

Child, you should make him a Visit now and then;

But, Child, present my service to her, and beg her to pardon, or rather pity my misfortune:

For I han't one day free 'till Tuesday Sennight;

And then, if she pleases, she may Command me——

But

But hold, Child—tell her, *Trickist* and I intend to go to Shops, and see Sights, all day long on *Monday*,  
Not one shall 'scape us, from the Fat Girl in *St. Martin's-Lane*,  
(Where we intend to begin at Nine exactly) to the Embroidered Prince of *Gilolo*.

If she's for a Frolick, Child, we shall be glad of her Company [Ex. *Jano*.]  
This is a good hint for Mr. *Granger*, we shall be sure of him—

Well, don't you think *Prattle* has a world of Wit?

Sir *Sym*. She's a most Exquisite Lady, and one—

L. *Su*. I did not ask your Opinion, Sir.

Sir *Sym*. I find I am unfortunate to day, and will walk off with my disgrace, in hopes of better times— [Exit.]

L. *Su*. But your Opinion, Gentlemen, you are Judges.

Gay. She says a great deal, Madam—

L. *Su*. And very well too, I vow, and swear now;

But what say you, Mr. *Granger*?

Grang. Faith, I think she's all talk, and no Company.

L. *Su*. O law! Why she plays at little Games to a miracle.

Grang. The blind Horse is fittest for the Mill.

Gay. She's a Lady of great Acquaintance.

Grang. Nay, she's the universal Crony of the Sex:

Not a Female from Thirteen, to Five and Thirty, can be a Week in Town, without a Visit from her, which makes her very convenient to her Male Relations.

L. *Su*. O law! Mr. *Granger*! I vow I believe her as Virtuous as myself; but then she Sings, and Plays upon the Virginals so sweetly, and Dances Country Dances.

Grang. Nay, doubtless she has all her motions to a miracle; and for *Joan Saunderson*—

L. *Su*. O Law! Mr. *Granger*, you're so strangely S'terical:  
I believe you laugh at us all behind our backs.

Grang. Fools I laugh at to their faces:

But such as your Ladyship—

L. *Su*. O Jesu! Mr. *Granger*.

Grang. Wit, Beauty, and Good Breeding, Madam, command respect;  
'twas Death to touch the Ark.

L. *Su*. Well, he's strangely obliging!—

What, leaving us already, Mr. *Gayman*?

Gay. Business calls me from my Pleasure, Madam.

Grang. I'm sure there's something in't— [Observing *Trickist*, & *Grang*.] [Exit.]

L. *Su*. Mr. *Granger*, you are melancholly, o'th' sudden,  
Are not you well? will you have some of my Milk-water?

Grang. My Fever's in the Spirits, Madam.

L. *Tric*. Nay, there's something extraordinary;

We all observe a Change, Sir.

L. *Su*. I'll lay my life, he's in Love, Child.

L. *Tric*. I hope he is, to be reveng'd of him:

[Aside.]

L. *Su*.

L. *Sn.* Well, is it so, Mr. *Granger* ?

*Grang.* In Company, like this, 'tis difficult to live without a  
Passion——— [Applying it to Trickitt.

L. *Sn.* Well, this is a plain Declaration.  
We must not force him to a Confession ;  
'Twill press his modesty too far, I vow now.

[Laughs.

*Garn.* The Confession's but too plain ;  
Tho' she mistakes it.

[Aside.

L. *Tric.* Why so sullen, Sir ?

*Garn.* Have I not Cause ?

L. *Tric.* You mistake it, but I shall find a time.

[Leaving him.

*Garn.* I shall find it for you.

[L. *Susan*, and *Trickitt* whisper.

*Grang.* We interrupt the Ladies.

Let's take the hint, and leave 'em——— [They go out.

L. *Sn.* O law ! Gentlemen, I beg a Thousand Pardons——

What gone ! Well, I'm so glad I have thee to my self :

Child, if Company comes, I have the Head-ach,

And am laid down———

[Exit *Page*, and returns.

I have a secret of prodigious Importance to tell thee ;

Well, 'tis some Mens misfortune to judge amiss :

But what if *Granger* shoud be in Love ?

L. *Tric.* Would that be an Error in his Judgment ?

L. *Sn.* O law ! you take me wrong :

But what if he shoud love a Friend of yours ?

Well, I'll keep thee no longer in suspense ;

He has a good Estate, besides his place,

And I'm confident you woud not be against it.

L. *Trick.* What ! a good Estate ?

L. *Sn.* I Crimine ! I see I must be plain with thee :

But did not you observe how Civil he was to me ?

L. *Tric.* 'Twas his good Breeding.

L. *Sn.* But from a Man, that's thought morose———

L. *Tric.* 'Tis a sign of a clear Skie ;

No Clouds to raise the Spleen.

L. *Sn.* In short he loves me, and has e'en as good as told me so :

And I vow and swear I design to let him know his Passion is not unsuccessful : I have a Plot upon him :

My pretty little *Jano* shall visit him, as of himself, the Child shall give him my Song, and tell him, all the Servants say, he's in Love with me, and that you know will force a Declaration.

L. *Trick.* No doubt, Child.

L. *Sn.* Well, we shall so laugh : And then you come to visit my Lady *Susan Granger*———and then I return thy visit, and your Servant tells you, my Lady *Susan Granger's* Page has sent up word, his Lady's just a landing from her Chair———and then you say, your Ladyships, my Dear, is the prettiest Equipage in Town———and then I say———well I shall be so happy :

For Mr. *Granger* resolves to eat in Plate.

L. *Tric.*



L. Trick. Has he told you so?

L. Su. Jesu! no; but then he laughs at all the Fools; And will bring me home the Lampoons: But I must instruct the Child; come hither

x *Jano*: Prithee, md Dear, pardon me a little.

L. Trick. That my very good Friend shou'd be so blind!

She'll be something long in her Instructions;

I'll into the Closet——how! *Suky*!

[Looks in, and starts.

A Man a sleep in thy Closet?

[Page goes out.

L. Su. O law! I vow and swear now, 'tis my Nephew——

He was here before the Company came, and you know since our quarrel, his Wife won't give him leave to come to me.

Well, I wonder at her irregular fancy in Love, and Friendship: How can she endure an antiquated *Lofty*, while there's a Youthful *Gayman* to be had? Or make a Confidence with such a Creature, as *Wishwell*, that's past the taste of a partie quarre?

L. Trick. Why my Lord, Lord *Malepert*.

Ld. Mal. O law! Aunt! what's the matter?

{ *Enter my Lord frighted,*  
{ *and rubbing his Eyes.*

Why did you leave the Door unlockt?

I'm sure I made the back Door so fast, that Mrs. *Judy* cou'd not get in, for all she had the Key: And I thought you had been old enough, to look to your fore-dort your self. I'll swear, if I had thought you wou'd serve me so, I wou'd ha' gone down the back Stairs, let the Footmen have said what they please, so I wou'd. But, good Madam, not a word of seeing me here.

L. Trick. Well, trust you to my Discretion.

Ld. Mal. Nay, as for your Discretion, Madam, I know you:

You have Discretion enough to win all our Money, I'll take your word for any thing but an *Alpieu*. [Exit Lord.

L. Trick. Well, Dear *Suky*, adieu——nay no ceremony——

L. Su. O Jesu! can you be my Friend, and desire I shou'd be so unbred——

L. Trick. You disoblige me eternally, if you stir a step farther.

L. Su. To obey you, my Dear——

[L. Trickitt goes out.

Well for all 'tis my day, *Judy* and I will go masqued to Sir *Symphony's*——  
*Trickitt*, *Trickitt*——Gads me, I have forgot half my business with her——I must go in, and write her a Letter, before the Child comes back—— [Exit.

Scene changes to Grangers Lodgings. Granger and Garnish.

Garn. This is but an ill return, Mr. Granger, for she's a grat admirer of yours.

Grang. Pox on her, she's so obliging; and takes such Pains to inform me, of what I don't care to know.

Garn. She calls you her dull Amintor, and says, for a well-bred Person, you are certainly the most modest Creature breathing:

She knows you're in Love with her, and has giv'n you a 1000 opportunities, to declare your Passion, which your respectful bashfulness has still prevented you, from laying hold of.

*The Maids last Prayer :*

*Grang.* From laying hold of ! I am for laying hold of nothing, she has about her, unless it be pretty Mrs. *Judy* : No, no, she speaks too plain to be understood : She may be in earnest, upon this Subject, to her self ; but she will always be a jest to me. Not but I shall put her to the right use.

*Garn.* Not the use you think of, if I can help it.

[*Aside.*

*Grang.* What's the business ?

[*Servants enters.*

*Serv.* Sir, my Lady *Susan Malepert's* little Page is below, and says he comes to make your Honour a visit.

*Grang.* Bring him up :

Does she send her Embassadour already ?

She has scarce had time to draw up his Credentials : Prithce step into my Dressing-Room, while I give audience :

My little Ganymede !

[*Garnish goes in : Enter Page.*

Thou'rt welcome ; this was kindly done.

*Jano.* But if you shou'd tell my Lady, she'd never forgive me.

*Grang.* How do you know, Child ?

*Jano.* She told me so ; for she knows nothing of my coming.

*Grang.* Indeed Child ?

*Jano.* No indeed now : Nay, and if you shou'd tell her, I say she talks kindly of you ; she'd kill me, so she wou'd.

*Grang.* No sure, Child, she cou'd not have the heart.

*Jano.* Yes indeed, she bad me say so : And then I must not give you this Song, unless you promise to give't me agen ; for she said a fine Lady of Quality writ it, upon a very good Friend of yours.

*Grang.* But I may take a Copy ?

*Jano.* She said nothing of that, I believe you may.

*Granger writes, and talks.*

*Grang.* When will Lady *Trickitt* be with your Lady, Child ?

*Jano.* She's with her two or three times every day :

And then the Servants say your Honour loves my Lady, and intend to Marry her, and be our Master.

*Grang.* That were too great an Honour for me, Child : Does not Lady *Trickitt* send for thee sometimes to sing to her ?

*Jano.* I go there by and by : But my Lady will be so impatient to know what your Honour says ; for indeed she does not know a word of my being here.

*Grang.* That's a good Child : But thy Lady's a fine, accomplish'd Lady ; I dare not presume to think of her. But here's the Song again ; my Friend shall write an Answer.

*Jano.* And shall I tell my Lady so from your Honour ?

*Grang.* She knows nothing of the matter, Child : But here's a Guiney to buy Cherries, and be sure you call on my Lady *Trickitt*, in your way home, and give her this : And if you bring me an Answer, I have another Guiney in my Pocket for you : So, that's my good Child, thy Lady will want thee.

[*Exit Page.*

*Garn.* Well, Sir, what News from the Lady ?

*Grang.*

Or, ANY, rather than Fail.

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*Grang.* Nothing extraordinary; she has play'd the Fool, and writ a Song, as most People do, that are in love: Pray read it, 'tis all her own, I assure you.

SONG.

**P**rithee, my Dear, do not be so peevish  
To her, that takes thy part:  
Altho' thy Eyes, and thy Tongue so thee wish,  
Have stole away her Heart.

For know, my Dear, it is I that love thee,  
Most Passionately:  
And if thou'lt do as it doth behove thee,  
I'll thank thee heartily.

Then, prithee Dear, let me know the Morning,  
When thou and I shall Wed:  
For I, by that, shall guess the Evening  
When we shall go to Bed.

*Garn.* Tender and. Passionate! and a very just Conclusion!  
*Grang.* Shall we look into the Play?

*Garn.* I'll wait on you——

Till I know the Success of your Letter.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Siam's House. Captain Drydrubb playing on his Cittern, Singing

Once I lay with another Man's Wife,  
And I lay in a great deal of danger:  
But now I have gotten a Wife of my own.——

And so I have, by Pompey; and here must I, to get a solitary Guiney, now and then, to keep up Loyalty, with a Cup of Cordial Nants, be forc'd to see a Parcel of Ague-fac'd Puppies come perking and pruning after my dam'd Jade:; Pox on her, can't she sell off all her Foolish Trumpery at once, and set up an honest Sociable Cellar, where a gang of Generous, Old, Crimson-gill'd, grumbling Cavaliers, may take a Pipe and a Quartern, and my Honour never be concern'd. [*Siam comes forward.*]

*Siam.* Nay, prithee, good Captain, the Company will be here in a wink, as a body may say: Can't you go take a civil walk in our Fields, and leave me to carry on my Occupation.

*Capt.* Occupation, with a Pox to you! What, must I be turn'd out from under my own Roof, to make Room for a Company of strutting, cocking Coxcombs? To help to carry on your Occupation! Ounds! I'll not stir a foot: I'll see who dares command, where I am Master, I will, by Pompey.

E 2

*Siam.*

*The Maids last Prayer ;*

*Siam.* But pray consider, Captain——

*Capt.* That's good, I gad, talk of Consideration to a Captain : Why dost not thou know that I have been undone for three Kings, without any Consideration ? Why I han't one single Testor left to purchase a civil Quartern : And how should I consider, with a Pox to you ?

*Siam.* Consider this then, Captain—— [Gives him a Guiney.

*Capt.* Ay, this is sense now ; this I can consider : And prithee, *Dolly*, do thou consider too ; for Honour, thou know'st, is the nearest and dearest thing to a Souldier : So prithee carry thy self like the Wife of my Bosom : For, look thee, Child, 'tis not any concern for thy Carcass that makes me speak——

*Siam.* Thank you, good Captain.

*Capt.* No, by *Pompey*, 'tis my Honour ; and look to't, you had best, for I may return most rouzie-bouzie, and if I find you have injur'd me, I'll swinge you all, by *Hercules*. [Exit.

*Siam.* So get thee gone.

*Betty*, is the China carry'd to my Lady *Trickitt's* ?

*Betty.* The Fellow's come back, Madam.

*Siam.* Has he brought the Money ?

*Betty.* No, she bid him call next Week.

*Siam.* Gads bodikins ! had not she promis'd me ready Money, I had never parted with my Goods : Well, there's no faith in these upstart great Ladies : Now must I make forty jaunts to t'other end o'th' Town ; and then I shall be paid in crack't Money ; and pay Poundage into the Bargain.

*Betty.* She said you were oblig'd to her for the Custom of the Court, and owed her a good turn.

*Siam.* And she thinks to put me off with the Court-Custom ; that's good, I' faith ; and I must afford her my Ware for nothing : Where's the Heart set with Diamonds I mist this Morning ?

*Betty.* We have search'd high and low, but to no purpose.

*Siam.* Then I suspect my Lady *Sinker* took it.

*Betty.* Suspect ! Why, she's famous for it all the Town over.

*Siam.* Nay, that may very well be : For, to my knowledge, greater Ladies have been taken in the manner : But she shan't carry it off so.

*Enter Lady Malepert and Wishwell.*

I did not expect your Ladyship this half hour : *Betty*, set on the Tea-Water. [Exit *Betty*.

*Wish.* We had a mind to chat by our selves ; prithee shut the Door, that we may be private.

[*Siam goes out, the Scene shuts upon her.*

*L. Mal.* I swear I'm in Mortal apprehensions : My Lord *Lofty* has my Secret, and I know him capable of any thing, to be reveng'd of me.

*Wish.* What can he do ? he's disgrac'd at Court : And if he rails now, no body will believe him.

*L. Mal.* Ay, but he knows——

*Wish.*



*Wish.* What does he know? he knows you're a Woman.

*L. Mal.* Lord! you know where I have a Mulberry spot——

*Wish.* Is that all: he brib'd it from your Woman.

*L. Mal.* Well, I'll do what I can to prevent his being believ'd; carry it civilly to him, and speak better of him than ever.

*Wish.* So will the Town believe you but an honest Jilt at worst.

*L. Mal.* But this Sir *Ruff* is such a blustering half-witted Coxcomb!

*Wish.* If he had less wit, he were ne're the worse for us: But a thousand Pound, my Dear! [Betty enters.]

*Betty.* My Mistress bid me tell your Ladyship, Mr. *Gayman's* within, and has made up the number of the Raffle.

*L. Mal.* We're a little busie yet, but shall be glad of his Company—— [Exit Betty.]

*Wish.* She's not displeas'd at his being here——

This *Gayman* is not for our turn, Child; he's an Observer; besides, tho' he loves his Pleasure, he swears he won't pay for't, till past forty——Here's *Maria*. [Maria enters.]

*Mar.* The Chair must wait——

*L. Mal.* Send away thy Chair, Child; thou shalt go home with us. We have Bassett this Evening.

*Betty to Maria.* I'll but pay it off, and return in a Moment. [Exit.]

*Wish.* That's a pretence: 'Twas *Gayman* sent for her. He has so great a Friendship for her, that, contrary to the principles of a well-bred Man, he has ventur'd to give her good advice, and, I believe, warn'd her of our Company.

*L. Mal.* I tax't her of it, But she deny'd it.

*Wish.* She's discreet, and has but one Weakness, immoderate love of Play——

*L. Mal.* And love of me: I can make her do any thing——

*Wish.* But one, my Dear: She's Virtuous.

*L. Mal.* For that I keep her Company——

*Wish.* And for her Money: For, to my knowledge, you have won above 600 l. of her at Comet.

*L. Mal.* Not so much at Comet; but more at all Games. [Maria enters.]

*Mar.* The Company is all within, my Lord, Mr. *Gayman*, and Sir *Ruff*——they're but looking on some Stuffs; if you're at leisure——

*L. Mal.* My Lord, shan't we have your Company?

*Ld. Mal.* Indeed, my Dear, I did. [Lord, Gayman, Sir Ruff enter.] but stay to chuse some white Peeling for a pair of Breeches——

*L. Mal.* Drawers, my Lord, you mean.

*Ld. Mal.* Jesu! no; you know, I never wear Linings.

*L. Mal.* Shall we Raffle?

*Ld. Mal.* I must drink some Tea first——  
*Siam*, is the Tea ready?

{ At the Door  
Enter *Siam*.  
*Siam*.

# The Maids last Prayer ;

*Siam.* 'Tis just put in — Good Lord ! I wonder you'll go so, so like a Sloven : Here's a Periwigg well comb'd ; and a Cravat sits finely, to appear in Ladies Company.

*Ld. Mal.* Very well, *Mrs. Siam* ; but had not you Twins 6 Months after you were Marry'd ? Tho ?

*Siam.* No, *Limberham* ; nor will you get half a one, in 6 Years after you are Marry'd.

*Ld. Mal.* I wonder, Ladies, any body will buy of *Mrs. Siam*. *Mrs. Bantam's* things are ten times better.

*Siam.* Ten times dearer, and ten times worse, I faith : What ! Lord *Tattletale*, you told her, I said, she was a Papist.

*Ld. Mal.* And she said you were an Atheist, And believ'd in nothing but *Scotch-Divinity*.

*Siam.* And what do you believe in ?  
Nothing but a Favourite, or *Sir Feminine*,  
That old Woman in Man's Cloaths —

*Ld. Mal.* He swears you're a Bawd *Mrs. Siam* —

*Siam.* Not to him, nor his Nieces, in good faith.

*Ld. Mal.* Why, why, pray ?

*Siam.* Why, he has no use for one ; and they need none :  
Lord help your Head ; come drink your Tea.

*Gpy.* Already in Council !

{ *Sir Ruff with Wishwell and*

*Sir Ruff.* What Madam *Wishwell* has told { *Lady Malepert*,  
your Ladyship, you may depend upon :

I am a Man of Honour, and your humble Servant, Madam.

*Wish.* My Lady believes you, *Sir Ruff* : To Night at Twelve ;  
You know the Garden-Door.

*Sir Ruff.* My happiness is so amazing !

*Wish.* Contain your self : We are observ'd :  
What ! drinking Tea, my Lord ?

*Ld. Mal.* Yes, if *Siam* wou'd give me a little Sugar ;  
I love sweet things mightily.

*Siam.* Yes, too much for a Wit :  
There ; 'tis Syrrup for you —

[*Giving him Sugar.*

*L. Mal.* Prithee, *Siam*, fill me some Tea.

[*Sir Ruff goes awkerdly to help my Lady, and spills my Lords Dish upon him* —

*Ld. Mal.* O law ! he has scauld me to Death.

*Sir Ruff.* Pough ! 'twas almost cold :  
And Tea, you know, never burns.

*Ld. Mal.* Jesu ! and what a pickle am I in !

*Siam.* Here's a do with a drop of Water !  
Come, let me rub you down, *Tom dingle* —

[*Enter Captain*

*Capt.* Ounds ! what's this ? Kissing your Cockrill before my face ! by  
*Pompey* ! who am I ? I'll pepper you, you and your young Urchin too ;  
I will by *Pompey*.

*Ld. Mal.* O Law ! Captain, but hear Reason :

Now

Now as I hope for marssy, there was no harm.

*Capt.* Ounds ! that's a good one :

No harm to kifs my *Dolly* ?

*Ldy. Mal.* Nay, take my word for't, Captain,  
You need not fear when I am by.

*Capt.* Why, look you, you may be as little concern'd

For your Puppy, as you please, Madam :

But for my damn'd——

*Siam.* Nay, prithee, Numpée, don't disturb the Company ; they were going to Raffle.

*Capt.* Yes, by *Pompey*, you were a Raffling :

I caught you at it, a Raffling for my Honour, with a Pox to you.

*Gay.* No, faith, Captain, we shall Raffle for a better thing.

*Capt.* Ounds ! Sir, what's that you say ?

*Gay.* Why, I say, what we Raffle for, is of Threescore Pound value :  
Say nothing, and you go to twelve with me.

*Capt.* Say'st thou so, Old Boy ? 'Tis so like *Speering's*,  
That for once I am contented.

*Ldy. Mal.* Come then, shall we Raffle ?

*Siam.* Here's the Box, Ladies.

*Mar.* Two Cinques, and a Quater !

{ *The Company about the Table,*  
*Maria throws.*

*Ld. Mal.* That's Fifteen.

*Gay.* Exactly, my Lord ; Four and Ten.

*Ld. Mal.* O law ! no ; Fourteen.

*Mar.* And Thirteen, is Seven and Twenty  
And Eighteen.

[ *Throws.*

[ *Throws.*

*Ld. Mal.* No, two Sixes, and an Ace.

*Maria.* Well, that's Forty——

*Gay.* Confederacy ! did not you observe

{ *They throw round, 'all but my*  
*Lady, and Gayman.*

*Wishwell* turn over one of your Dice ?

*Mar.* 'Twas by chance, playing with her Fan.

*Gay.* You're sincere your self,

And believe every body so, but me.

*Sir Ruff.* Dam these Dice——

[ *Throws down the Box.*

*Gay.* Before the Ladies, *Sir Ruff* ?

*Sir Ruff.* But I always lose, when I play fair.

*Ldy. Mal.* Come, now for my Fortune——

[ *Going to throw.*

*Sir Ruff.* Madam, I have some Doctors in my Pocket,  
If you please to use 'em.

*Ldy. Mal.* What Doctors, Sir ?

*Sir Ruff.* Why, don't you know the Doctors ?

The Dice that only run the high Chances.

I'll put 'em into your Box, and no body the wiser.

*Ldy. Mal.* You shou'd ha' don't without telling me.

*Sir Ruff.* So I can still, Madam——

[ *Lady throws.*

I stand cross-legg'd for you, Madam——

Vigorously done, Madam——

*Lady.*

Lady. I have lost it.

Gay. I despair of winning——'tis yours——

Capt. Ounds! I go to twelve with you——

Mar. Come, throw, Sir——

Gay. 'Tis mine with much ado.

Capt. A hard World, Faith, and Troth ;

But I brought luck along with me.

Gay. I remember you, Captain.

Betty. Sir, Sir *Symphony*, and his Instruments, are at the Door, in half a dozen Coaches, and stay for you.

Capt. Adso, where's my Gittern ?

*Siam*. Why, Numpee, you broke your Gittern, you know.

Capt. My Gittern! mouldy Chops! where were you bred I trow ?

But my Neighbour *Twingle* the Barber has one, I'll borrow it so long from his Customers.

Ld. *Mal*. Did you hear of the foolish Accident befell Sir *Symphony* ?

Ldy. *Mal*. What was't, my Lord ?

Ld. *Mal*. Why, Serenading, r'other Night, His Gittar, and he, fell into a Cellar, And like to break both their Necks.

Ldy. *Mal*. What say you to a Poole at Comet, At my House ?

*Wish*. Sir *Ruff*, Will you make one ?

Sir *Ruff*. I am always devoted.

Gay. Ladies, shan't I be troublesome ?

*ish*. The Devil take him.

Ldy. *Mal*. We shall be glad of your Company.

Ld. *Mal*. Well, I'll go before in a Hackney, And get things ready for you : I find, I must shew you the way——

Gay. Well said, my Lord, you in the Front appear : And I may help you to bring up the Rear.

[To Maria.

[To Gayman.

[Gayman wins it.

{ Betty Enters to the

{ Captain.

[Exit,

[To *Wishwell*.

[Aside.

[Exeunt.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Lord Malepert's Dining-Room. Lord Malepert, and Wishwell.*

Ld. *Mal*. **W**ELL, how do you like Sir *Ruff*? he's a little mutinous at my wit sometimes; but he's good natur'd; and then has the Sense, and Courage of a Lion: But the Barronet's Worship may pass for a Squire at Comet tho'.

*Wish*. One wou'd almost swear he loses on purpose, to my Lady.

Ld. *Mal*. Why so one wou'd, I vow now, if one did not know the Company. Well, I swear now, Mrs. *Wishwell*, you look so young, You are not above five and Twenty, are you?

*Wish*.



*Wish.* Nay, if you're witty upon your Friends, I have done with you.

*Ld. Mal.* Prithee now, I won't be witty agen these two hours.

*Wish.* For once I'll take your word.

Well, my Lord, you're happy in a good Lady;  
She's as discreet, as she's handsome.

*Ld. Mal.* You know a well-bred Man must not think too well of his own Wife: But I vow now, before I was Marry'd, I thought her as handsome as an Angel.

*Wish.* My Lord *Lofty* has not been here of late.

*Ld. Mal.* He wou'd hardly bow to me at the Play, last Night;  
But I thought he was out of humour for being turn'd out; and yet I vow I had no hand in't.

*Wish.* For being turn'd out of this House I believe.

*Ld. Mal.* O law! why I carry'd it the civilest to him in the World.

*Wish.* But he desir'd your Lady shou'd be civil to him.

*Ld. Mal.* And so she was, I hope: Why, I have known her alone with him, in her Closet, when she was deny'd to every body else.

*Wish.* While she thought him a Man of Honour,  
For your sake she suffer'd him.

*Ld. Mal.* Have a care what you say,  
I'm told, he's likely to be greater than ever.

*Wish.* But must not with your Lady.

*Ld. Mal.* Ay, but he must tho: I han't got the Patent he promis'd me.

*Wish.* And he is to give you a new Crest to your new Coronet?

*Ld. Mal.* No, really, I like mine very well: The Golden-Calf has been the Crest of our Family, ever since the Conquest.

*Wish.* The Horns will grow in time. [*Aside.*] Dull Man!  
He has made Love to your Lady.

*Ld. Mal.* Jesu! that's pleasant! A Statesman make Love! why, he can no more deal with a Mistress, than with a House of Commons.

*Wish.* Come leave your fooling; and promise me, not to quarrel with him; you shall promise me, for you are so nice in points of Honour I know.

*Ld. Mal.* Honour! Lord help your Head (as *Siam* says) I have as much Honour as I care for; I am a Lord;  
And shall hardly quarrel to get more.

*Wish.* But you must promise me then, to take no notice of it to my Lady: she'd never forgive what I tell you; out of the respect I have for you both.

*Ld. Mal.* Nay, I vow I'm mightily oblig'd to you; and so is my Wife; tho' the Jesters in the Dancing-Room are apt to laugh at me, when I tell 'em so. But had he the Impudence to make Love to her?

*Wish.* Ay, more than so, he surpriz'd her one day, in her Closet; and wou'd ha' ravish'd her.

*Ld. Mal.* O law! I did not think a Man of Fifty cou'd ravish——

*Wish.* Had not her Virtue, and my seasonable assistance prevented him:  
But I found her just fall'n into a swoon.

*Ld. Mal.* How! fall'n into a swoon! nay then he might ravish her:

But tho I say it, that shou'd not say it, there are some of our Family (tho' they can't ravish as well as he) shou'd they know this, were he ten times my Lord *Loffy*—— I'll do't my self——

*Wish.* Nay, remember what you promis'd me.

*Ld. Mal.* No matter for that, I'll about it instantly.

*Wish.* For Heaven's sake, you won't Murder him.

*Ld. Mal.* No, that's the way to hang for't :

I'll complain to the King——

*Wish.* And make your self, and Family Ridiculous :

'Tis enough your Lady's Virtuous, and you know it.

But what if this base Man shou'd brag of Favours ?

*Ld. Mal.* Ay, but what signifies our Wives Virtue, if they are so lyable to fall into a swoon ? Any Woman may be taken napping you know.

*Wish.* But if this base Man shou'd brag of Favours ?

*Ld. Mal.* Why, let him brag ; he's out of favour at Court ; and whatever he says now goes for nothing in the Drawing Room ; and I care not this what he can say any where else ; for I wou'd not be known by my good will out of the Verge of *White-Hall*.

*Wish.* Or if some of your pretended Friends, shou'd go about to make you suspect me.

*Ld. Mal.* Tho' I shou'd surprize 'em in the manner, and you standing Gentry—— [Enter Lady Malepert to 'em.]

*Wish.* My Lady's here——

*L. Mal.* How ! *Wishwell* ! I protest I don't understand this : Indeed my Lord I shall be jealous of you.

*Ld. Mal.* But shall I never be jealous of you, my Lady.

*Ld. Mal.* You need not, Dear, knowing your self so well : If I were wantonly inclin'd, where cou'd I mend my self.

*Ld. Mal.* Where am I ? sure Paradise is round me :

To touch thee's Heaven, but to enjoy thee ! Oh !——

*L. Mal.* Have my Lord and you been at the Cordial Waters ?

*Wish.* We have been gravely talking of the deceit, and wickedness of the Age, Madam.

*L. Mal.* I understand you——

[Aside to her.] My Lord when shall we into the Country ? I'm quite weary of this Town : The Company and publick diversions carry you so much abroad, I languish days without you : There-I shou'd be oftener blest.

*Ld. Mal.* Well, Dear, I vow now, I won't be a moment from you, but when I'm in other Company : But that 'tis not the fashion to be fond of ones Wife, I verily believe I cou'd say a great many soft things to her.

*L. Mal.* Pray, my Dear, let's go to *Monkey-Hill*.

*Ld. Mal.* O law ! what shou'd I do in the Country ? There's no *Levees*, no *Mall*, no *Plays*, no *Operas*, No *Tea* at *Siam's*, no *Hide-Park*, no *Musick-meetings*, No *Ballet*, no *Drawing-Room*, no *Masquerades*, Nor no *Hackney-Coaches* to run about in ; And you know I love running about mightily !

*Wish.*

*Wish.* Nor, no body that understands good breeding.

*Ld. Mal.* There the Justice's Lady comes to visit, and ask questions after the fashion: And how do they wear their Hair? Do they carry their Heads as high as they did last *Easter-Term*?

*Wish.* And, Lord! is such a one as wicked as she was in the last *Lam-poon*? We have no such Creatures in the Country, I assure you.

*Ld. Mal.* And then if I talk Wit, or banter Mr. *Justice* about State Affairs, he stares at me, and does not understand me: Unless one laughs ones self, the jests are lost upon 'em.

*L. Mal.* Well, well, there are a Thousand innocent Diversions——

*Ld. Mal.* What! Angling for Gudgeons, Bowls, and Ninepins?

*L. Mal.* More wholesome, and diverting, than alway the dusty Mill-Horse driving in *Hide-Park*.

*Ld. Mal.* O law! don't prophane *Hide-Park*: Is there any thing so pleasant as to go there alone, and find fault with the Company? Why there can't a Horse, or a Livery scape a Man, that has a mind to be witty: And then I sell bargains to the Orange-Women.

*L. Mal.* If you lov'd, as I do, you wou'd like the Country; there I shou'd have you Weeks together; you might sit by, and see me work; or read a Play or a Novel to me.

*Ld. Mal.* Lord! you know, if I read three Minutes together, I fall asleep: And then if I shou'd chance to be alone, what wou'd become of me? I never think, but it puts me into the Spleen, I'm ready to cry.

*Wish.* Now if you have over-acted your part, and he shou'd go into the Country.

[Footman to my Lord.

*L. Mal.* I know him too well for that.

*Ld. Mal.* Well, Madam, adieu——

*Wish.* Jesu! whither now?

*Ld. Mal.* I'll be at home time enough to go to Bed with you:

But Sir *Barnaby Banter*, Captain *Tilter*, and Sir *Cantaver Barrow* stay in the side Box for me.

*L. Mar.* I wonder you'll leave me for such Coxcombs.

*Ld. Mal.* O law! Coxcombs! have a care what you say: *Banter* has a World of Wit: He drove my Chariot a whole Evening at *Hide-Park*, in my Coachman's Periwig, and Livery: I swear he drives as well as any Gentleman in *England*: I wonder where he learnt it?

*Wish.* It may be natural to him; his Father kept a Coachman.

*Ld. Mal.* Then Sir *Cantaver Barrow*——I wish you had been with us t'other Night——we had a Country Cudden with us; he plaid upon him all Night; I warrant you, he dumfounded him a hundred times.

*Wish.* Indeed!

*Ld. Mal.* Aye, and once, when I was bantering the Squire, What do you think? He put some Gunpowder uner his Chair, and blew him up:

*L. Mal.* And did the Squire take it?

*Ld. Mal.* At the first he was a little angry; but we all swore 'twas a Squibb thrown into the Window: Then Captain *Tilken* he came fouse upon him indeed, and threw a whole Glas of Clarret in his face.

*L. Mal.* And cou'd you swear off that too?

*Ld. Mal.* No truly, the Put pluckt up a Spirit, struck *Tilken*, and Challeng'd him to go down with him; now the Captain beg'd his pardon, because he wou'd not spoil Company; but winkt, and laugh'd upon us all the while, for we were in the Secret you know—but I must go to 'em, or they'll laugh at me; and swear I'm under Correction; and that a Body wou'd not have every one know neither, you know. [Exit.]

*Wish.* So, he's safe for this Night.

*L. Mal.* How can we trust to that?

*Wish.* Pray trust to me: I had him sent for; and will pretend to lie with you: Shou'd my Lord come home, we're gone to Bed; besides, you have bred him up to lie in his Dressing-Room, upon these occasions.

*L. Mal.* Well, if it must be so: For your sake I can do any thing.

*Wish.* And something for your own: There's Money, that's certain: And for any other Disappointment, you may bear it the better from a Man you don't like: We must not always please our selves, Child. [Exit.]

## SCENE the going into Sir Symphony's.

*Sir Ruff going hastily, before Gayman.*

*Gay.* Sir *Ruff*, Sir *Ruff*! you overlook your Friends.

*Sir Ruff.* It must be a very good Friend, I don't over-look at this time.

*Gay.* Why, what's the matter?

*Sir Ruff.* Why, I'm an Emperour, and this the Night of my Coronation; Know, Friend, for thou art the only Confident of my Pleasures, that this Night, at Twelve, the Incomparable *Madam Wishwell* receives me at my Lady's Garden-Door: This being told, I must be gone: For nothing but the pleasure of imparting to my Bosom-Friend, cou'd detain me a Moment.

*Gay.* But where's the haste now?

*Sir Ruff.* The haste! Why they may be at the Musick, for ought I know: And if I shou'd not be there to receive 'em: Where's the haste now? [Exit.]

*Gay.* Be Crown'd to Night, do you say?

No, no, I'll spoil his Holiday.

*Gran.* What, *Gayman* thoughtful?

*Gay.* I have it in my head,  
But you must help me out with it.

[Enter Granger.]

[Jano Enters.  
Jano.]



Jano. Mr. Granger ———

Grang. Well said, my Mercury!

Jano. Here's an Answer to your Letter, Sir,

But I must not be seen here, lest my Lady shou'd be known to be within in a Masque; and that she would not for any thing: She says, Sir, you must not know her.

Grang. But what said my Lady Trickit?

Jano. Indeed, Sir, I dare not stay any longer.

Grang. There's thy Guiney, Child.

[Exit Jano.

Garn. A Lady's Trophy, Mr. Granger?

[Garnish enters.

Grang. A Fore-runner of dark Deeds; you shall hear it.

Reads the Note.

*I'm glad you're Converted; and won't fail to be at Rosamond's Pond, at Ten exactly, where I will use my best Endeavours to Confirm you.*

Gay. A very Pious Gentlewoman, this!

Garn. She'd make an admirable Missionary

For China, or the Mogul's Country.

Grang. Mine's a tender Conscience, and requires extraordinary helps.

Garn. Methinks you're something frank of the Lady's Secrets.

Grang. O Sir, they allow all Freedoms to us, who are able to discover their good Qualities, as well as their Intrigues.

Gay. There's no Man hindred from telling, but he that enters no farther into the Secret.

Besides ours are Sworn Mistresses: And the more We set out their Perfections, the more their Renown.

Grang. Nay, mine's a very Sun-Flower:

When e're the Golden God but shows his Head,  
She opens presently.

Garn. Fie, fie, I shall lose my Reputation with you.

Grang. You! why with all your Prudence, of never bowing to your Mistress in a publick place, stealing glances under your Hat, and following her at a sly distance in the Mall, you are found out as well as we, who make no Mystery of the matter.

Gay. Nay, sooner; for your Gravity is suspected of a design, while the franker Fellows have not Credit enough with the Town to establish a Scandal.

Garn. But a little Discretion does no harm.

Grang. Discretion! why that's enough to ruin a Man, with the whole Sex: He that has liv'd to twenty, without the Reputation of a wicked Fellow; will never be allow'd to be wicked in a fashionable Company as long as he lives.

Garn. You're only for the Brutal part, Gentlemen.

Grang.

# The Maids last Prayer ;

*Grang.* I don't know what you mean by the Brutal part :  
Mine's a healthy Constitution ; it ebbs, and flows, like the Sea, and needs  
nothing but it self, to cause its motion.

*Gay.* There's part of Sir *Symphony's*  
Equipage, 'tis time to follow——

{ *Instruments carry'd over the  
Stage.*

*Garn.* At Ten a Clock ! I shall watch you, Mr. *Granger.* [ *Exeunt.*

[ *Scene drawn, shews a Table, with Instruments, Chairs set, Sir Ruff, Gay-  
man, Granger, Garnish, Women in Masks, Captain, Bullies, Sir Sym-  
phony tuning Instruments, Drydrub tuning his Cittern, knocking at the Door,  
the Porter busie in his Employment.* ]

*Porter.* Who's there ? What wou'd you have ? [ *Knocking.*

*Without.* Is Mr. *Scrapewell* within ?

*Port.* No, you may find him at the *Bear.* [ *Knocking.*

*Without.* Tell Sir *Symphony* here are some Gentlemen desire the favour to  
come in.

*Port.* Lord, Sir, I can't let you in :  
Here's scarce room already, for the Gentlemen  
Performers, to stir their Elbows——  
Well, what's the matter now ?

[ *Knocking.*

*Without.* Sir, here's Mr. *Humdrum's* Base-Viol——

*Port.* Give it me.

[ *Shuts the Door.*

*Without.* Here are Ladies.

[ *Knocking again.*

*Port.* The Ladies must come in.

*Enter L. Susan, and Mrs. Judy, Masqu'd.*

*L. Su.* O law ! yonder he's talking to other Ladies.

But that's because I was not here :

Yet he is not to know I am here ;

Tho' I hope my little *Jano* has told him.

*Grang.* 'Tis so——

[ *To Gayman.*

Thus by the hobble in her Pace,

*Aeneas* knew his Mother's Grace.

Now will I be a very Obedient Lover,

And not know her.

*Capt.* Ounds ! this may be my——  
No, no, it is not she.

{ *The Captain peers about the  
Masks.*

*Sir Sym.* Ladies, you're very welcome : Chairs there.

Wou'd you wou'd unmask, and joyn the Arms of your Beauty, to the force  
of the Musick, that not a Heart might scape.

*L. Su.* I know, Sir, you are too well bred,  
Not to give us our liberty,

*Sir Sym.* This Place is Sacred to the Fair,  
You must Command, Ladies.

*Sir Ruff.* Knight, is your Nocturnal here ?  
Are they good Goods, I must examine.

[ *Offers at L. Susan.*

*L. Su.* O Jesu ! this rude Fellow !

*Sir Sym.* Sir, you may talk till the Musick plays,

But

But here you must excuse me,

I suffer no Ruffling.

[Goes to the Table.

Sir Ruff. Zounds! Sir, I'll excuse neither them, nor you,  
For all your scraping.

Gay. This must be improv'd to a Quarrel.

[To Granger.

Hark you, Sir Ruff

Sir Ruff. Zounds! Sir, I'll protect the Damsels, as much as any Man.

Grang. Ay, Sir Ruff, get the rude Fool beaten,  
That wou'd affront 'em, do.

L. Su. O Jesu! Mr. Granger, protect me,  
I'm ready to dye.

Grang. There's no danger, Madam.

L. Su. Pray lead me to a Chair, I tremble every joint of me;  
I shall fall into a Fit.

Grang. 'Twou'd break Sir Symphony's Heart, Madam.

L. Su. O Law! I hope you don't know me;  
I protest I wou'd not be known for the World.

Grang. I only guess your Quality: by your air.

L. Su. But why do you tax me for Sir Symphony?  
I swear, Sir, I value no body more than your self:  
But, I vow, you have oblig'd me extremely

Sir Sym. All Discords! Fourths, and Sevenths! Gentlemen:  
Wou'd that Ear of your's were reform'd once

Grang. In a Pillory?

Sir Sym. Come, come, let's Tune, we make the Ladies stay.  
*He takes a Base-Viol, and while he is Tuning, one of the Bullies unwinds the  
Pegs over his head: Then he lays down the Bow, which the Bully draws  
through the Candle; when Sir Symphony tries to play, he can't make it  
sound.*

Sir Sym. Lord! Gentlemen, 'tis impossible to Play at this rate:  
Standing so near me, as you do, your Breath has so moisten'd my Strings,  
they won't sound.

[Tries again.

1 Bully. Dam me Tom, the Knight Crowds most splendidly:  
I'll banter him: Pray, Sir, when you lengthen a Crotchet into Quavers,  
and divide it by Minums, does not your Cravat-string deaden the sound of  
your Fiddle?

Sir Sym. Mine's a Cremona, and cost me 50 Pounds, Gentlemen,  
Pray suspend your Curiosity, and come to my Chamber,  
And I'll resolve you any Question in Musick.

Sir Ruff. But, Sir, if the volatile parts of Musick should juggle with the  
effluvioms of the Air;  
For *Tico Brache* holds, all sounds go in a right line by undulation: Can  
common time be consistent with a Jigg?

Sir Sym. Lord, Sir, you make such a noise—I make all my Jiggs in  
common time; are you satisfy'd?

Sir Ruff. But if Harmony was first discover'd, by the beating of Ham-  
mers upon an Anvil; why shou'd not your Head make the most melodious  
Instrument?

For Aristotle holds that your hollow Vessels——

Sir Sym. If you're for a Cockpit, fo——

Come, pray let's begin——

[All the while the Symphony Plays, he beats time, and speaks in admiration of it.

Sir Sym. O Gad ! there's a flat Note !

There's Art ! How surprizingly the Key changes !

O law ! there's a double relish ! I swear, Sir, you have the sweetest little Finger in England ! ha ! that stroak's new ; I tremble every inch of me :

Now Ladies look to your Hearts——

Softly, Gentlemen——remember the Eccho——

Captain, you play the wrong Tune——O law ! my Teeth ! my Teeth !

for God's sake, Captain, mind your Cittern——Now the Fuga, bafes ! agen, agen ! Lord ! Mr. Humdrum, you come in three barrs too soon.

Come, now the Song——

## A S O N G.

Set by Mr. H. Purcell, and Sung by Mrs. Hodgson.

I.

**T**Ho' you make no return to my Passion,  
Still I presume to Adore :

'Tis in Love but an odd Reputation,

Faintly repuls'd to give o're :

When you talk of your Duty,

I gaze on your Beauty,

Nor mind the dull Maxime at all ;

Let it Reign in Cheapside,

With the Citizen's Bride,

It will ne'er be receiv'd in Whitehall.

II.

What Apocryphal Tales are you told ?

By one, who won'd make you believe,

That, because of to have, and to hold,

You still must be Pinn'd to his Sleeve :

'Tis apparent High Treason,

Against Love, and Reason,

Shou'd one such a Treasure engross,

He that knows not the Joys,

That attend such a Choice,

Shou'd resign to another who does.

## A S O N G.

Written by Anthony Henly Esquire, Set by Mr. Purcell, and Sung by Mrs. Ayliff, and Mrs. Hodgson.

**N**O, no, no, no, Resistance is but vain,  
And only adds new weight to Cupid's Chain :

A Thousand Ways, a Thousand Arts,

The Tyrant knows to Captivate our Hearts :

Sometimes he Sighs employs, and sometimes tries

The Universal Language of the Eyes :

The Fierce, with Fierceness he destroys :

The Weak with Tenderness decoys.

He kills the Strong with Joy, the Weak with Pain :

No, no, no, no, Resistance is but vain.

Grang. This is admirable : But if you wou'd oblige the Ladies, you must play your Solo.

Sir Sym. With all my Heart, if the Captain will accompany,

Bully



1 Bully. Pox a' this scraping, and tooting :  
Shall we Eclipse, Tom, and make it a Rankum ?

2 Bully, No, no, we'll dumfound the Baronet.

[They dumfound him, on each side, as he turns.

Sir Sym. Who's that ? What do you mean ?

This is not to be born :

Is't you, take that, Sir.

{Turning quick, one hits him  
in the Eye——

[Strikes him with a base Viol, and leaves it upon his Head.

Gay. This is a common Cause.

They draw, drive the Bullies out, the Women run out at the other door, Sir

Ruff retires to a Corner of the Stage, and draws, the others return——

Grang. These Brutes have almost destroy'd all the publick Diversions of the Town.

Gay. Stand you by Sir Symphony,

[To Granger.

I'll bring him a Challenge——

I've always thought you brave, Sir Ruff.

Sir Ruff. Why, who dares think otherwise ?

Gay. I believe Sir Symphony will meet you.

Sir Ruff. Or I'll post him :

But what has he done ?

Gay. Softly——You design'd it, I suppose ; and your best way is to be before hand with him, I'll stand by you——

[Whispers.

Grang. Why I saw him ; he encourag'd 'em : Besides, Fidler's but a scurvy Title for a Knight ?

Sir Sym. Why did he call me Fidler ?

Grang. He said you were a wretched scraper,

Only fit to play to a Garland upon a May-Day :

My Lady Susan heard him, as well as I.

Sir Sym. Nay if one were sure of that, if she heard him :

One wou'd not do a foolish thing, hand over head, without Reason, you know.

Grang. If you bring it to any thing, let me serve you ?

You shall find me at my Lodgings——

[Exit.

Sir Ruff. Well then, desire him to meet me, with his Sword in his Hand, to morrow morning.

Gay. If he finds you so backward, he'll never ask your pardon.

Sir Ruff. But to Night I have Business, you know.

Gay. Greater than your Honour ?

Sir Ruff. 'Tis very unfortunate——But use your pleasure.

Gay. Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Message.

Sir Ruff desires you wou'd meet him, with your Second, in Moorfields.

Sir Sym. I was just designing to send to him, to meet me, to morrow morning.

Gay. He desires it may be to Night, Sir.

Sir Sym. To Night ?

Gay. At twelve : The Moon shines very clear :

At Bedlam Gate, at twelve, Sir——

Sir Sym. I must send to Mr. Granger : I shan't fail, Sir.——

[Exit.

Gay.

Gay. Come, Sir, I have business for an Hour; but get you ready, you need not make your Will, I believe; I'll meet you at the *Sun Tavern* behind the Change, and not fail—to disappoint you of your Seconds. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Rosalmond's Pond.*

*Granger alone.*

Let the Woman deserve as little as her Man, she seldom fails of a favourable opinion of her own Charms; and, in the Intrigue, if it be possible, will be the greater Fool of the two. Because I like *Trickit*, she thinks I'm in love with her: Why, how has she the impudence to think so! But she does think so; for in this Note, she has promis'd to meet me here: If she has Honesty enough to be as good as her Word; she needs no greater Curse: There was no occasion of my knowing that she can make her Husband a Cuckold, to make me have an ill opinion of her: I always thought so ill of her, that 'tis now necessary to think a little while well, to think worse of her than I did: That must be my reason of liking her; a malicious Pleasure of revenging the Quarrel of those Fools (not forgetting her dear Lord) who have trusted, and been deceived by her. She can't deceive me.

[*Enter Lady Susan in a Mask.*

Whom have we here? a Sister in Affliction!

If my Nymph, and her Shepherd have stray'd together: 'Twere a gentle Charity, of my side, to propose a Club of Inconstancy for a Revenge.

L. Su. Mr. Granger! isn't you?

Grang. The best part of him, Madam.

L. Su. O law! Mr. Granger! I fear I have tir'd your Patience: An impertinent Kinswoman popt in upon me, and kept me above half an hour, I vow now.

Grang. A trick upon me! but I'll fit her.

[*Aside.*

I thought the Minutes Ages, till you came.

L. Su. O Jesu! and did you, dear Mr. Granger?

Grang. By her, O Jesu, I guess the Party—

[*Aside.*

Madam, this Happiness atones for all.

L. Su. O Jesu! But can you love me dearly?

Grang. More than Heaven.

L. Su. And you'll be constant? Grang. As Penelope.

L. Su. And you'll love me for ever and ever?

Grang. Amen, to the end of the Chapter.

L. Su. You'll swear all this?

Grang. The Bible through, Madam: By your fair self, by all—

L. Su. Hold, hold, good Sir, enough: Well, we shall be so happy; but when? for now you may command me.

Grang. Now, Madam, this instant—

[*Embracing her.*

L. Su. O Jesu! what do you mean?

Grang. To let you know how well I love you.

L. Su. No, I vow, I would not for all the World: As I hope for Massy, you must hate me, to offer this.

Grang. Rather if I shou'd not offer it, Madam;

The

The opportunity, and you are kind——

L. Su. O law! Sir! if you'll be honourable——

Grang. These Shades are honourable: You are not the first Woman has trusted her Honour with 'em: Keep your own Counsel, and they'll tell no Tales to your Relations, to put you out of Countenance, as you walk bare-fac'd this way with 'em.

L. Su. But this to a Lady of my Quality.

Grang. Why, 'twere a downright slight upon you; not to offer to be civil to you: And a Woman of Quality can bear any thing better than a slight, you know: Besides, the Place, and Hour take all distinction off: Come, come, you have made as decent a resistance, as is necessary to excuse you to your Quality.

L. Su. Well, Mr. Granger, I thought you had more respect for me, else I shou'd never have trusted my self with you, alone; in the Honourable way of Marriage, I own I cou'd receive you.

Grang. Why, you are marry'd already.

L. Su. O Crimine! No; who do you take me for?

Grang. Nay, if you're not marry'd, you must tell me.

L. Su. Pray, who did you visit this Afternoon?

Grang. A Worthy, Grave Lady, Lady Susan Malepert.

L. Su. Suppose it her you talk to.

Grang. Suppose you her! suppose my Lady Susan with a Man, alone, at ten at Night, and in this place too! No, no, that is not to be suppos'd; and you are no better than you shou'd be, to offer it: If you were not in Petticoats, you shou'd know how I resent a wrong so great to her I so much honour.

L. Su. Why then, I vow now——

Grang. Nay, never load your Crime with Perjury.

L. Su. Why, dear Sir, did not you appoint this place?

Grang. But that Lady does not use to answer Appointments.

L. Su. And wou'd you make my generous Pity appear a Crime?

Grang. For the generous Pity you speak of, I wou'd have you to know, that Lady has none for any Man, at Rosamond's Pond.

L. Su. O Jesu! Sir! Why sure 'tis no Crime, in an Honourable way, to see the Man one loves.

Grang. Love! why that's a Folly Lady Susan has renounc'd these twenty Years: Her Pulse beats even, and her sober Blood runs quiet in her Veins: And as for Matrimony, I know the very Name wou'd frighten her: Besides I dare not aim so high.

L. Su. O Jesu! Your Merit equals you to all things: And were I ten times what I am——

Grang. Thou art a thing I must despise; a Midnight Stroler; nay worse, some mischief-making Fiend, who wou'd it assume the Title of an Angel, to be the more a Devil. Bless me! methinks I see the eloven Foot peep under her Petticoat! Defend me! I say, and deliver me from such Company. [Exit.

L. Su. Jesu! What can this mean? Either he did not, or he wou'd not know me: If he did not hope to meet me here, why did he write to me?

## The Maids last Prayer;

he had my Letter, else why came he hither? but then he said: I was marry'd O law! may be he suspected Sir *Symphony*: Well, I must forbid him my Lodgings, I see that, to convince him. O law! but then he wou'd have been so rude! but that might be to try my Virtue; for I must needs say, he spoke all the while of me with the greatest respect in the World. Well, I love him, that's certain, and must not lose him; I'll be plain with him the first time I see him; for marry him I must, and wear my Wedding Ring upon my Thumb too, that I'm resolv'd on. [Exit.

Trickit enters.

*Trick*. This is some sort of Revenge upon the Rogue for refusing me his Money: How cou'd he imagine I wou'd allow him a favour, when he had giv'n me such a reason to believe he did not think it worth paying for? I wou'd carry my malice farther, to punish his impudence in writing to me; but since his Note has contributed to the cheating him with the Person of Lady *Susan*; I am at the end of my design; and am contented only to laugh at him—— [Garnish to her.

*Garn*. Rest you merry, Madam.

*Trick*. They may laugh that win, they say, Mr. *Garnish*.

*Garn*. And Ladies seldom lose in such a Town as this, where there are so many civil Persons to play at your own Game too.

*Trick*. But how came you here at such a time?

*Garn*. Madam, I can't be so indifferent a Lover, not to watch the Motions of your inclinations; finding your pleasure lie this Evening in the Park, I came to find it out.

*Trick*. Indeed if you had come a little sooner, you might have found it: I have been very well pleas'd since I came here.

*Garn*. I believe so.

*Trick*. But you come a little too late to be a Witness of it; the business is over.

*Garn*. O Madam, I wou'd not disturb you, if the business had not been over: I met Mr. *Granger*, Madam, and knew by him the business was over.

*Trick*. And what said he to you? did not he look like an Ass?

*Garn*. As Men generally do upon such occasions: But I thought it unreasonable to tell him, he look'd like an Ass, because I knew he was not the first of your making.

*Trick*. Mr. *Garnish*!

*Garn*. I'm sure you have made an Ass of me: But my Jealousie has restor'd my Eyes; and now I plainly see you wou'd abuse me. When *Granger* sent you the Note of Assignment, I was with him.

*Trick*. Well, I receiv'd one from him——

*Garn*. O! did you so?

*Trick*. By Lady *Susan*'s Page.

*Garn*. By the same Token he gave the Boy a Guiney to encourage so hopeful a beginning; and told him, if he brought him an answer, he had another to set him up in his Trade: You were not wanting on your part, I know.

*Trick*. Why, truly, no; when I read it, I put it into another cover, and gave it the Page to carry his Lady: She was glad of the Appointment, I suppose, sent him an Answer, and came according to the Invitation.

*Garn*. And what did you come for?

*Trick*. To laugh at the mistake——

*Garn.*



*Garn.* And set him right. O, very probable!

*Trick.* 'Tis very true.

*Garn.* That you are very false.

[Turning from her.

*Trick.* I ne're was false to you.

*Garn.* Away, away, it is not to be excus'd.

*Trick.* I don't excuse it. *Garn.* No, no, it never can.

*Trick.* Why then it never shall; and I am sorry I attempted it: If you don't think it worth your while to be satisfied, I'm sure I was in the wrong to endeavour it. Sir, as I remember, matters between you and me are entirely depending upon our good liking and pleasure: 'Tis not in the nature of an Amour to make one another uneasy: When once we begin to find faults, 'tis high time to find out fresh Friends, that have none: The severest Jealousie of this kind, lies within the Remedy of parting.

*Garn.* It need not come to that neither, Madam.

*Trick.* Sir, I won't be suspected, I won't be enquired into: A Husband can do no more; and I have enough of one Husband and his ill humours at home, I thank you, ever to allow of a Husband abroad to torment me. Perhaps you think I can't break with you; I wou'd have you to know, Sir, I can, and will break with you and fifty more, rather than break one hours rest for any of you. I'll change as often as I shift my Cloaths, but I'll light upon a Man that has sense enough to value his own pleasure, without invading mine. If I depended upon you indeed, and there were no body else to be had, you might tye me to your own terms, but, make us thankful, there's roving room enough in this dear Town: I can provide myself, I warrant you.

A Mistress is a name implies Command:

Nor shall the Scepter fall within my Hand:

But if you wou'd take back that Pow'r you gave,

Marry the Woman you wou'd make a Slave.

[Exit.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### Lord Malepert's House.

*Gayman enters dressing, and repeating.*

*O what a Night was that! how soft the Bed,*

*When on her panting Bosom I was laid!*

*Warm in Enjoyment, we together grew,*

*And as one Mind, were but one Body too——*

**H**OW, how? one Mind! no, there I'm out: now can't I help thinking of Sir *Ruff*, and destroying the Memory of this Night's Pleasures, by calling to mind they were all design'd for another. Can't I be contented with the Enjoyment of a delicious Woman, without reflecting, that any body else might have had her as well as I. 'Tis an impertinent Curiosity in

OLD

our Natures, that when we have discovered as much as we can, to please us, will always drive us upon something to find fault with : Curiosity did I call it ? Nay, Gad, there's ingratitude in the bottom on't, I believe ; for 'tis the way of the World, in other favours too, to lessen those Obligations, as much as we can, which we han't in our honesty to return. Pox, I hate to be ungrateful : But I can't be ungrateful here, if I wou'd ; for there was nothing design'd to me of the benefits I receiv'd : *Wishwell* let me in, at the hour appointed for Sir *Ruff* : The Lady receiv'd me for Sir *Ruff* ; but when I think of the pleasures that came after, that she shou'd still mistake me, for that bargaining Booby of her Bawds providing ; I don't forgive her ; The furious riot, the expence of Charms, the prodigality of Life, and Love (too vast for Nature's Bounty to support another hour) might have inform'd her better.

'Tis not yet Day : *Wishwell's* my Convoy ; I can't get off without her : No matter now, if she knows me.

Who's this follows me ?

[*Lady Malepert enters.*

*L. Mal.* I have slept away my life,  
My better part of it, my life of Love : He's gone from me :  
Was this an hour of rest ? Sleep had been welcome in a Husband's Bed ; but in a Lover's Arms ! he stole away, fearful of waking me, and fearful to be seen, he stole away,  
In every thing, showing his care of me : How cou'd Sir *Ruff* do this ? O Love ! what can'st thou not do in a Woman's Heart !  
That brutal thing, whom, as I thought, I loath'd,  
Thy gentle Fires have softned by degrees, and melted into *Gayman* : Night be still my Friend, let me not see him, and I will think it was my *Gayman* still.

*Gay.* O this Woman ! I love her for her self, but hate her too.

*L. Mal.* Who's there ?

*Gay.* Your Lover.

*L. Mal.* O ! be but ever so : Can you forget ? Can you forgive me ?

Can you excuse my being to be fold ?

Let *Wishwell* bear the mercenary blame——

Her baseness wrought me to her sordid ends :

But I'll return your Bills——

*Gay.* Return my Love : My Fortune is but yours.

*L. Mal.* You are my better Fortune.

*Gay.* O this happy Night. But to remember it,

A Locket, or your Picture——

*L. Mal.* Take this Ring, to make a better Marriage.

Have you forgiv'n me ?

*Gay.* How shall I convince you ?

*L. Mal.* Why, only say you have.

*Gay.* Saying is too little : Doing's the living proof, that never lies ; within you will believe me—— [Going out, *Wishwell* to 'em with a Candle.

*Wish.* Madam, Madam, where are you ? Bless my Eyesight !

*L. Mal.* Bless the Woman : What's the matter ?

*Wish.*

*Wish.* Are you the happy Man ; Mr. Gayman ?

*L. Mal. Gayman !*

*Gay.* Thank you for making me so, Mrs. Wishwell.

*L. Mal. Gayman !* then I am ruin'd :

Base Woman ! have I deserv'd this from you ?

*Wish.* No, but you deserve it from your self,

For putting this trick upon me——

*L. Mal.* I put a trick upon you !

*Wish.* And you will find the benefit of it, in a little time ; my Lord, and his drunken Companions, are coming up Stairs, to visit you : As you have manag'd the business without me ; ev'n get off on't, as well as you can ; I wash my hands of it, and will retire without being seen. [Exit.

*L. Mal.* O every way undone ! follow her down the back Stairs——

*Gay.* Pox take her ; she has double-lockt the Door.

*L. Mal.* What shall I do ! what will become of me !

*Gay.* Nay, Madam, let the worst come to the worst, Sir Ruff is oblig'd to take care of you——

But I'll bring you off this time, I warrant you.

*Enter Lord Malepert, Granger, and 2 Bullies.*

*Grang. Singing.]*

*And he that is giv'n to doat,*

*On Woman's inconstancy :*

*I wou'd not be in his Coat,*

*For a great deal of ready Money.*

What ! my Lady, and Gayman !

Are you too up together early, or late ?

Here's my Lord and I are in Conjunction too :

Why faith, Madam, we thought of nothing, but the Spirit of Clergy :

We did not expect such good Company, my Lord——

*Ld. Mal.* No, really, I did not expect to find a Man with my Wife.

*Grang.* But see how odly things will happen sometimes.

*Ld. Mal.* Ay, so they will, very odly indeed sometimes.

*Gay.* Odly, Mr. Granger !——What the Devil do you mean ? [Aside.

*Grang.* I'll bring you off, I warrant you. Madam,

*Gayman's* an honest, well condition'd Fellow ;

But somewhat sleepy towards Morning :

How did your Ladyship get him up so soon ?

*Gay.* Prithee recollect thy self : All's ruin'd else.

*Grang.* I must go snacks, *Gayman.*

*L. Mal.* He's must ring all his little Malice, 'twill end in mischief certainly.

*Ld. Mal. Nick,* go you and fetch the Constable :

But before he comes, Madam, I command you,

In the King's Name, to tell me, what you two have been doing together, in my absence, against the peace of my Bed, and Bosome ?

*Gay.* Doing, my Lord !

Why 'tis plain enough what we have been doing !

Any body may see what we have been doing——

*Grang.* Very plainly, my Lord.

*Gay.*

Gay. Or if they can't see; 'tis but hearing you talk, 'as you do; and they may easily find what you have been doing :  
Did not we sup together ?

Ld. Mal. The Devil's always very powerful at this time of the Morning, Gentlemen; but bear Witness,  
He says, they sup't together !

Gay. They sup't together ! We, I say we ; Granger, your Lordship and I, and these two honest Gentlemen. Gentlemen, I shall be proud to be better known to you :

Pox, do you think I don't know what I say ?

They remember me, tho' you won't, my Lord.

1 Bully. What ! not remember Mr. Gayman !

2 Bully. O ! perfectly, my Lord.

Gay. Why, my noble Lord, you are farther gone than I thought you were : If you drink your Friends down with your Bottle, I have done with you : Why, Gentlemen, I don't believe you drank very hard after I left you.

1 Bully. Not very hard, Sir.

2 Bully. Not above a Bottle a piece, after you left us.

Grang. Well, a clear Conscience is a great matter, I see.

Ld. Mal. After he left us ! Why, then I am drunk, and did not know it before : To my own thinking now I remember every thing in the Company as perfectly—

Why how can a Man tell, at this rate, whether he's sober, or no ?

Gay. Nay, I had been in the same pickle, if I had staid with you : But when you saw I began to be maunkish, you may remember, you sent me home before you, to knock up Mrs. Darkas, for the Cordial Waters ; And you were to follow me.

Ld. Mal. Not that I know of.

Grang. Nay, my Lord, there you must excuse me ; truth is truth ; you did send him home, for how cou'd we else have found him here ?

Ld. Mal. Why that's true : Why, well, if I have forgot it, I beg all your Pardons.

L. Mal. Is it not enough, my Lord, that you come home, at these unseasonable hours, but you must send up your drunken Companions before you ?

Wishwell, and I were asleep,

[Enter Wishwell.

When this unmannerly Royster came into the Dining-Room : We thought There had been Thieves, and poor Wishwell was almost frighted out of her Senses.

g Wish. I must close with her, for my own sake.

Aside.

L. Mal. Was this well done, my Lord ? Yet I won't think you cou'd be so ill a Man to design it ; as a Plot upon my Honour, I won't think you cou'd.

Wish.



*Wish.* My Lord, my Lord is this the use you make of what I told you? Do you deserve so good a Lady?

And Mr. *Gayman*, was it like your Character, To be Confederate in so base an undertaking?

And all of you to make a Combination——

*Ld. Mal.* Nay, *Wishwell*, as I hope to be sav'd now, 'twas altogether an Accident, no body had the least design upon my Wife, or her Honour, that I know of:

There has happen'd some little mistakes, I must needs say;

But I am always so deaf with drinking, you know——

Gad so! here's Musick: See who 'tis that Serenades,

I love Serenading mightily.

*Sir Ruff.* I have out-stay'd my Assignment;

But this Serenade will make her amends.

What's here? *Gayman*! Damme, Sir, a man's well helpt up, that trusts to you for a second: I waited for you above two hours.

*Gay.* I was all that while serving you elsewhere.

*Sir Ruff.* What do you mean?

*Gay.* Why do you think your self a fit Man for a Back-Door? You might as well have trusted 'em again to let you in at the Window: The Ladies design'd to laugh at you, and being your Friend, I made the quarrel, to send you out of their Power.

*Sir Ruff.* Nay, Gad, I thought there was something in't:

For when Sir *Symphony* and I came face to face,

We were presently Friends, and agreed upon the Fiddles.

But since they design'd to make an Ass of me,

I'll have satisfaction, or my Money again.

*Gay.* Experience can never be bought too dear, Sir.

*Sir Ruff.* Zounds, Sir, I'll go to her, and tell her she lies.

*Gay.* I'm glad I know your Principles.

*Grang.* Sir *Symphony*, why do you look so angry?

I hate Blood-shed; then Sir *Ruff* and you are Old Friends; besides, *Gay-*

*man*, and I had business, as you see, Sir; but how went the Tilt? Ha!

I'm sorry, for both your sakes, I can see thro' neither of you:

I love a Visto, as my Lord says, mightily.

[A Servant Enters.

*Servant.* There are some Masquers below,

Desire to be admitted.

*Ld. Mal.* O Gemeni! Wife, let 'em come up:

[Exit Servant.

Hark, you, Gentlemen, Let's even make a Night on't:

I have some Masquing Habits within; Captain *Tilster*,

*Sir Ruff*, Sir *Symphony*, we'll all be in Disguise.

I love a disguise, when every body knows one, mightily.

*Sir Sym.* Hang your Masquerades, I begin to be tir'd of 'em:

'Tis losing ones labour always upon other Mens

Mistresses; when you have waited upon a Gentlewoman

Thro' the Ceremonies of the Night,

And think of going home with her,

H

Tho'

Tho' you have cram'd her Pockets as full of Sweet-meats as they can hold : Her own Spark appears in the Morning ; beats you, perhaps, for offering to lead her to her Coach, and forces you to walk home, ankle deep, in your Turkish Habit.

Ld. *Mal.* O very Foolish ! Leave Sir *Symphony* to his own face, He'll make nothing of that, I dare say for him :

Come, Gentlemen, we shall be pure and merry,

When we don't know one another. [*Exeunt my Ld. Sir Ruff, & Bullies.*]

Gay. I'm as good as my word, you see, Madam, I've brought you off : I have been oblig'd to you, and have return'd you your favour : But you must own, Madam, mine carries something the better air along with it ; because I generously design'd it for your Ladyship.

Ldy. *Mal.* What shall I say ? What can I say ?

Gay. I won't upbraid you, Madam, you have done me the second good turn you had in your Power to bestow : And since 'twas impossible to have you to my self ; it goes a great way in my Cure, to know that any Fool may engage you for the time.

*Enter L. Trickitt, L. Susan, Maria, and Garnish.*

Ldy. *Mal.* O very fortunate ! And kind in you, and all the Good Company : How came I by this favour ?

Maria. Why, truly, Madam, being up at Cards, at Lady *Trickitt's*, over the way, we cou'd not resist the temptation of the Fiddles.

L. *Su.* But came in our Masks, For fear we shou'd not be welcome.

Ldy. *Mal.* So near a Relation can't doubt that, Madam.

Sir *Sym.* Ladies, I esteem my self very luckily here, For the Entertainment of so much good Company : I have some Gentlemen in my Consort, Whom I can prevail upon, to treat you in their way, with a Song, or a Dance.

## A S O N G.

Written by Mr. Congreve, Set by Mr. Purcell, and Sung by Mrs. Ayliff.

L.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,  
That Cloe's False, and Common :  
By Heav'n, I all along believ'd,  
She was a very Woman :  
As such I lik'd, as such caress'd,  
She still was Constant, when possess'd,  
She cou'd do more for no Man.

II.

But oh! Her thoughts on others ran;  
And that you think a hard thing:  
Perhaps she fanci'd you the Man;  
Why what care I one Farthing.  
You think she's false, I'm sure she's Kind:  
Ple take her Body, you her Mind;  
Who has the better bargain?

Grang. Dear, Madam, I beg you a thousand Pardons.

L. Su. O Jesu! For what, Mr. Granger?

Grang. Till you pull'd off your Masque, I took you for a Scandalous Creature, I met in St. James's-Park last Night; she was dress'd so like you.

L. Su. That Lady was no ill Friend of yours, I assure you.

Grang. You have no cause to speak well of her; for she wou'd ha' made me believe, you were as bad as her self.

Pox on her, how she haunts me——

[Goes from her,

What has Lady Susan done, Sir Symphony,

You don't make your Court to her?

L. Su. I find he does not think it for his Reputation, to marry a Woman, that would meet him in private.

I'll mention it no farther.

Sir. Symp. May I presume, Madam, that this opportunity may be more favourable to my hopes.——

L. Su. Lord, Sir, I know nothing of an opportunity; pray be quiet, you wou'd not talk of an opportunity before People, wou'd you?

Why I never saw the like of you.——

[Leaves him,

Sir. Sym. She always uses me ill before Company.

L. Trick. Was it fine Walking last night, Mr. Granger?

Was there good Company at Rosamond's-Pond?

Grang. I did not see your Ladyship there.

L. Trick. Me! Fie, fie, a Married Woman there! Mr. Granger!

Grang. What you were more Housewifely employ'd?

[Garnish bears what passes between Trickit and Granger.

L. Trick. More to my mind a great deal,

Grang. In private, Madam?

L. Trick. In Laughing at you. Lord! Mr. Granger, I thought you had been off the Vanity of thinking Women in Love with you: 'Tis past time a day for you to send Love-Letters about the Neighbourhood, to corrupt the civil Families: How had you the Conscience to think a Woman would have any business with you, but to laugh at you? I vow I thought you had been wiser.

Grang. Faith I thought so my self, Madam.

*L. Tric.* And why would you put your self into any Womans power to disappoint you? I thought the Young Fellows only, the *Beans* of a Years standing in the side Box, could be disappointed; Who, by the extraordinary opinion of themselves, from their first Summons, imagine it impossible for any Woman to stay-away from 'em. But you are satisfied at last, I see.

*Grang.* Indeed I am, that I was always in the wrong, when I had the least good opinion of you. I was in hopes of having it in my power to use you, as you deserve (which you should have been sure of-) but since you have gone before me in this, I promise you, you shall never get the better of me in any other business; as long as I know you: And till you are Older, I can't like you worse than I do. [Going from her.]

*Garn.* You have convinc'd and oblig'd me; And I thank you for the satisfaction.

*L. Tric.* Pray thank me, when you're oblig'd, Mr. Garnish; I have done nothing to convince you:

'Twas necessary to clear my self; And I have done it, without a regard to your jealous thoughts upon the matter.

*Garn.* I promise you, I'll ne're be jealous more:

*L. Tric.* Then here I promise you, I'll never give you cause to be jealous.

*Enter* *Ld. Malepert, Sir Ruff, and Bullies, in Masquerade.*

*Grang.* Who have we here?

*Ld. Mal.* The Ladies shall know us, if they please.

*Sir Ruff.* We're men for their turn; Sons of Darkness, And fit for the business of the Night.

*Gay.* To beat up a Bawdy-house; you Scoundrels, How came you here?

[They draw upon the Masqueraders, and drive 'em off, and return.]

*Ld. Mal.* Why don't you know us? You're the strangest People in the World! Murder a Man in his own House!

*Sir Sym.* I'm for defending the Ladies.

*Grang.* How could'st thou be so barbarous to the Cuckold of thy bosom, to frighten him so terribly?

*Gay.* He began to be troublesome:

Besides I have at present a Quarrel to the Family.

*L. Sm.* I hope you are not hurt, Mr. *Granger*, I wou'd not for the World, I Vow now, Have such a thing happen in my Company: What will the World say?

*Grang.* Why e'en nothing at all: The world does not care if we were Hang'd, I assure you.

{ Goes to Withwell and:  
Lady Malepert

*Gay.*



Gay. This Ring, Madam, I Valu'd only as an Evidence of my good fortune, which, since the case is so plain, I return to your Ladyship again. [To Lady Malep.

I don't observe that dearneſs between you, and Mrs. Wiſhwell, that us'd to be; don't let me make a breach in that Friendſhip, which may be ſo ſerviceable to you both: You're both in a miſtake, neither has betray'd tother: Indeed Sir Ruff made me his Confident, and qualify'd me for the welcome I have found. Mrs. Wiſhwell, now I'm ſure you'll be my Friend, ſince you know I have it in my Power to be your Enemy.

And for you, Madam, I am oblig'd to juſtifie you to every body, but my ſelf. [Leaves 'em and goes to Maria.

L. Mal. 'Tis more than I deſerve. O, I muſt hate you, You have undone me with the only Man I ever Lov'd or ſhall——

[Turns from her.

Wiſh. Then I am ſure to keep her in my own Power.

Enter Ld. Mal. in his own Cloaths.

Ld. Mal. Lord! this is the oddeſt thing in the World, Turn a Man out of his own Doors, for coming to divert you: 'Twas as much as I cou'd do, I Vow now, to perſwade the Foot-Man to let me in again.

Gay. Why, were you one of 'em, my Lord?

Ld. Mal. One of 'em, yes-I think I was.

Grang. Who wou'd ha' thought you kept ſuch Company?

Garn. We did not know you, my Lord.

Ld. Mal. Sir Ruff, I aſſure you, takes it bloody ill of you; if it had not been in my houſe,

He Swears, he would have maul'd ſome of you.

I don't know but he may ſend you a Challenge.

Grang. I hope not ſo, my Lord.

Ld. Mal. Nay, I'll make it up, if I can.

Gay. My Lord, you come very ſeaſonably for the clearing of ſome difficulties, that have happ'ned to night, in Relation to your Lady.

L. Mal. Lord! what does he mean?

Gay. I wou'd vindicate her Virtue, as much as I can, from any unreaſonable ſuſpicions, you may have of it, upon my account; and therefore declare, in the preſence of all this good Company, that I have no deſign upon any body in't, but this Lady: And here I offer to Marry her. [To Maria.

L. Mal. Nay then he does revenge himſelf indeed——

Aside.

Gay. What ſay you, Madam?

L. Mal. Why, nothing, nothing in the World: Poor Rogue!

Silence gives conſent, all the Town over.

Gay. Madam, your Ladyſhips intereſt would go a great way in perſwading her. [To L. Mal.

Ld. Mal. Nay, my Wife will be for it I'm ſure.

L. Mal. Mr. Gayman, you may be ſure of me——

To perſwade her againſt it if I cou'd.

Would I might never ſee his Face again. }

Aside.

L. Mal.

*Ld. Mal.* Well; we shall live so pure and merry at one anothers Houses : Would you were all Married, Gentlemen ; there's no making a Friend throughly Welcome, I can tell you, without having a Wife of ones own to receive him.

*L. Su.* O Law ! Mr. Grangy, what if you, and I, should make it the Double Marriage ? *[To Granger who leaves her]*  
*Grang.* 'Tis an Old Play, Madam, and will never take.

*L. Su.* The Devil take him, I don't know what to make of him.

*[She applies her self to Sir Symphony.]*

*L. Mal.* I know your thoughts, Maria.

*Gay.* Come, Madam, give me your hand.

*Mar.* Well, Sir, you may repent this rashness. *[Gives her Hand.]*

*Gay.* I may repent of some things that are past : But I can never do any thing with you, to repent of.

*L. Mal.* How the Tyrant Triumphs !

*[Aside.]*

*Sir Sym.* You see, Madam, how happy you might make your humble Servant.

*L. Su.* O Law ! Sir ! You don't think so.

*Ld. Mal.* Hey day ! Here's my Aunt upon the prick of Preferment too : *Sir Symphony*, and she are agreeing to go to Bed together.

*L. Su.* Well if it must be so ——— *[Gives Sir Sym. her hand.]*

*Ld. Mal.* Ay, ay, Uncle *Symphony*, wish you joy of my Aunt *Susan*.

*Sir Sym.* You do me the greatest Honour In the World, Madam.

*[Siam Enters.]*

*Ld. Mal.* Gad so ! Here's *Siam* too, the more the merrier, we shall want Company to dance at all these Weddings : You shall be my partner, *Siam*.

*Siam.* Wou'd I were unmarried, upon the Condition I never danc't at a Wedding again.

*L. Mal.* What's the matter now, *Siam* ?

*Siam.* Why the Captain has been drunkning with my Lord all night, and coming home in one of his damn'd old Humours, has beaten me black and blue, and turn'd me out of Doors. *[Capt. Enters.]*

*Gay.* How's this, Captain ?

*L. Tric.* } We'll pull the old Rogue to pieces ; beat his V. life !  
*and all.* }

*Capt.* Why *Dolly*, *Dolly*, you shou'd bear with the failings of your Lord and Master ———

*Siam.* I do bear with your failings, you know I do, You old fumbling Fool you.

*Capt.* And not betray the secrets of my Dukedom, the Mysteries of our Bed, and Board, *Dolley*.

*Siam.* I'll be plagu'd with you no longer : I'll give you a separate Maintenance, and be rid of you.

*Capt.* I'll come in for my thirds, *Dolly*, that you know the Law will allow me : But let's see your Separate Maintenance : I Marry'd you only to maintain me ;

Who

Who Marries an Old Woman for any thing else?  
 And if I can make you Maintain me, d'ye see,  
 I don't much care whether I'm Marry'd to you, or no:  
 But I know your Grievance; you wou'd have me  
 Begin to propagate, like a Patriarch, at threescore,  
 And try to do good in my generation: But who  
 The Devil can doo good upon you? You are  
 Past it as well as I; and so faith let's have a  
 Dance, and agree upon parting in the morning.

*A Dance.*

Gay. Well, Granger, you are still to continue a Batchelour, it seems.  
 Grang. Why faith, Sir, 'tis as much as a Man can do, to secure a Reputation, in his own keeping; he need not venture it in a Womans:  
 Especially when the Stakes so little against it:  
 For in Miscarriages of Marriage,  
 We favour still the weaker Sexes faults:  
 So when the Wife's abus'd, and Husband horn'd;  
 The Woman's pity'd, but the Cuckold Scorn'd.

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FINIS.

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# EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

**S**EE the Effects of a poor Maids Last Prayer,  
Driv'n by meer want of Husband to despair;  
And Ladies, in a Barren Age, as this is,  
'Tis hard for all of us to have our Wishes.

She, for a time pretended to a Wit;  
And yet you see her Project would not hit:  
Let her Example teach you; there's no urging  
These Sparks, to take an Antiquated Firing;  
They fear the growing Cares of Marry'd Lives,  
And venture—only on their Neighbours Wives.

Be Wise in time, set not too great a value  
On your fine selves, and still stand, shall I, shall I.  
For while the Dreams of Coach and Six deceive you,  
The honest Squire, despis'd, may chance to leave you;  
And when poor Maids are driven to Petition,  
We seldom find they better their Condition:  
Yet thus with some of you it daily happens,

You lose the Beast, in hopes to get the Trappings.  
You scorn to stoop below a Top Gallant:  
And all pretend to Ride the Elephant:  
As if you had forgot the thing you want.  
Tho' each lost hour you pass a Fiery Tryal,  
And ne'er refuse without a self-denial.

Led by the Custom of the Sex, you strive  
To blind the World, while you your selves deceive:  
You may pretend a nice indifference;  
But Truth must still be Truth, while Sense, is Sense:  
Disguise your Inclinations as you can:  
Yet every Woman's Business is a Man.

FINIS.